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THE HISTORY OF IOSEPH: A POEM.

Written by Sir Thomas Salusbury,
Barronet, late of the Inner Temple.

L O N D O N,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for Roger Ball, and are to be
sold at his Shop at the signe of the Golden Anchor
in the Strand, neare Temple-Barre,

1636.

Perlegi hunc librum, cui titulus (the
life of Joseph, &c.) in quo nihil
reperio sanæ fidei, aut bonis moribus con-
trarium.

Tho. Weeks, Epis. Lond. Cap. domest.



TO
MY HONoured
Grand-mother, the LADY
Middleton,

Late Wife to the right Worshipfull
Sir Thomas Middleton Knight
and Alderman, sometimes
Major of the City of
LONDON.

Honour'd Madam,



Have now unto your
Ladiships acceptance,
and the worlds censure,
adventured these unripe
fruits of a forced Muse;
a 2 which

The Epistle

which if you shall accept (as they are truly meant) in witnesse how ready an observer I am of your commands, I shall (arming my self with patience and humility the hand-maids of obedience) humbly submit and patiently resolve to bear all just blame the world may lay upon my rudenes (however your Ladiship will be able to excuse) the betraying so worthy a subject to so weake a verse. It shall suffice mee that the world take notice, that my endevours are only ambitious, to satisfie the ingagements, whereby your Ladiships love hath obliged me unto you: by none so paraleld as by that of *Jacob* to his Grand-children: who made *Ephraim* and *Manasses*, (as *Iudah*, and *Simeon*) his owne. The like from my youth hath beene your care and tendernesse over me, which I have no

way

Dedicatory.

way to requite but by my thankfulness, respect and obedience to your commands. In observance whereof I commend this Poem to your patronage, and my self to do you service.

Your dutifull Grand-child,

Thomas Salusbury.

1. *Constitutio*
2. *Constitutio*
3. *Constitutio*
4. *Constitutio*
5. *Constitutio*

. viiiij. de lae. xxvij.



To the Noble Barronnet, Sir T H O M A S
S A L U S B U R Y, upon his Ioseph.

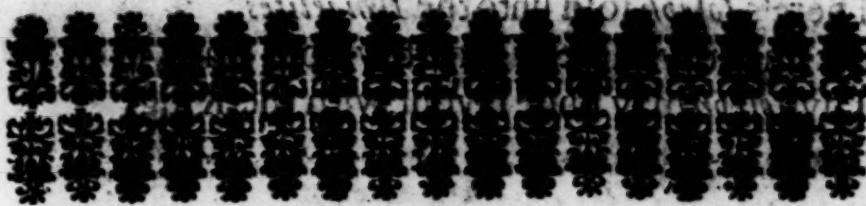
I Must commend thy judgement, that could chuse
A subject, so well fitted to thy Muse;
That they adorne each other; that they share
In equall glory: that thy Ioseph dare
(And without danger) thus himselfe expose
To th' envy of his friends, as well as foes,
And (Confident of thy iust merit) slight
His Brethrens malice, and the Ismaelite.
Nay, thinke his time in Servitude well spent,
Since now he is become thy Argument.
Whereby he is advanced farre above
What Ægypt could affoord, or Pharoh's love.
So happily thou hast exprest his worth,
And in such lively colours set him forth,
That Putiphars wife is blamelesse: all confess
There was no guilt in her lasciviousnesse.
And had that love sicke Lady us'd the Arte
Which thy well languag'd Courtship doth impart
Vnto her in this story: the assault
Had conquer'd Ioseph, and excus'd the fault;
The charme had beene so forcible, that he
Must with his Cloake, quit his humanity:

Or

Or condiscend, or had his Mistresse read
This Poem; and obseru'd how thou dost plead
For thy chaste Ioseph, in as chaste a rime,
In Detestation of so foule a Crime.
She had abhor'd her selfe, and lou'd him more
For's vertue now, then for his face before.
So potent is thy verse: it doth suppresse
And quench all looser flames of wantonnesse;
And kindle in our breasts and cold desires,
New heate reviv'd by thy Promethean fires.
Be that thy sole reward, and doe not weigh
The Censure of the world. Some will inveigh,
Some will commend: but most proclaime by me,
They envy Ioseph, that detract from thee.

D. L L. Dr. I. C.

and wch cometh of yor selfe



to thy M. anniversarie. T.

To my honoured friend, Sir Thomas
Salisbury, my opinion of his
I O S E P H.

AS Iosephs Brethrens sheaves did all obay
Young Iosephs straite and lofty sheafe, so may
All other Poets not alone rehearse
Thy prayses, but doe homage to thy verse.
Not blasted with those Criticks breaths, who spit
Malice: and throw thy Ioseph in the pit
Of Envy; making their dull braines the Well
To drownc thy fame, whose shallow pates excell
Poore Iosephs Well for emptiness : the pit
Wanted not waters, as their heads doe wit.
Some will be apt to say (when first 'tis knowne,
Thy Muse doth bud) the Rose is over-blowne,
The subject's stale: it is not good to see
Men play and dally with Divinity.
Thus will those Critickes talke, were but thy vaine
Such as descended from a love-sicke braine.
O that were rare, and excellent ! how fine
Were those thy verses, were they not divine ?

b

When

21620

Whene're thy *Joseph*'s sold unto such wights,
There's *Joseph* sold unto the *Israelites*.
But since thy Muse of Chastity doth sing,
Thy *Joseph* may finde favour with the King.

T. Bayly, artium Magister.

IF newes of Ioseph's death o're Iacob have
Such forch, to bring his gray haire's to the grave
With sorrow, sure with joy my tidings must
As powerfull be, to raise him from the dust :
Then Iacob rise and know thy darling Sonne
Is yet alive; his glory but begunne,
Then when thou left' st him was: he now is more
A Favourite, then e're he was before.
Not Pharoh's selfe, nor all the Sonnes of Nile
Have so much grac'd him as thy lofty stile,
My friend hath done: he in thy verse shall be
Ev'n as in heav'n, above Mortalitie.
O how divin's thy Muse then that can blesse,
And adde to Saints departed happivesse.

Io. Salusbury, Sen.

b 2

In

In Authorem, & Librum.

In know it's worth yet will I not commend
Thy Book, I do not love to prayse my friend
Unlesse some foule Detraction I should heare,
Of him, or his; else to commend him were
In friendship as absurd ; as should I write
Strong Arguments to prove that snow is white.
Nor will I yet admire thy work, to mee
It is a thing not strange at all to see,
That what thou dost is excellent I know,
Thy self art absolute, and thy works are so:
Yet mayst thou meet some Censurers too unkind,
But pity them, who punishment shall find
Enough in their own errour : they condemne
Thy work, whilst better judgments laugh at them.

Io. Salusbury Jun.



To my ever honour'd Sir T. S:
Barronet, upon his
Joseph.

SO the sweet singer did of Israel use,
In holy Layes to exercise his Muse:
Praysing his God, for wonders in the Land
Of Egypt by his servant Moses hand.
Then with Gods mercies sweetly closing there,
The soule at once he ravish't, and the ear.
But so long since is that, that there be those,
Make scruple yet whether in Verse or Prose,
The Prophet wrote, as if a measur'd line
Were more unfit to treat of things divine.
Such heretiques of Poetry by chance,
Will in their censure shew their ignorance
Of this thy labours worth, when they shall hold
It as a fruitlesse work, if not a bold:
Deeming the sacred flames that thus inspire
Thy brefts with holy raptures, a strange fire.
And count thee as prophane, that dar'st rehearse,
The majestic of Scripture in a Verse.
Whilst men of abler judgments, that descry
This last worst ages curions nicey

Such, that Gods sacred word, the heavenly bread
Of life, by most is dully relished,
Vnlesse in syre or honey dipp'd, they know,
He whom the holy Ghosts first penman so
Extolled, as the type of Christ, and square
Of vertues, for all graces singular;
Had slept the subject of our coy neglect,
As buried in the Scribes grave dialect:
And Iosephs goodnesse, such, some few alone
Professors, and Precisions had knowne;
Had not thy bounteous Muse thus set him forth
In fashionable garbe, to speake his worth
In moderne tone; now by thy helpe he may
Converse with Courtiers, in a Coat as gay
As er' st his Father made him; he may kisse
Each coyer Ladies hand, nor can he misse
Admission, or audience to tell
His story to the best, or worst; so well
He charmes attention: by his sweet and smooth
Expressions, so pathetically soothes
His hearers to receive his sugred pills,
Whil'st at their ravish't ears and eyes he instils
His modesty into their soules; and so
Doth Ioseph's story told 'mongst high and low,
With greater efficacy, vertue teach,
By's paterne, then best precepts we can preach.

In briefe, I judge thy Poem to be such,
So good, so pleasant, that I dare avouch,
The reader that no profit reapes by it,
Or pleasure, hath nor piety, nor wit.
Hold on this godly course, thy talent spend
By tickling thus our ears, our heart; to mend.

And

*And when thy budding Springs, spare houres bring forth
Such fruit, how great shall be thy harvests worth,
When thy green youth could so exactly trace
Good Iosephs' perfect wayes; well may thy grace
In riper yeares, as his recorded be,
A Mappe of vertues to posterity.*

T. LL. artium Magister.

... . Ceteris at centro locegabili.

1870-1871 11



Upon the Author unknown, and his I O S E P H.

IF fitnesse be a Poems excellency,
When to the Subject, Stile combines
with sense,
Where lofty matter, lofty lines doe
swell,
Where lowly Theames, low words doe paralell;
When under shadowed phrase, doth couched lye
Sometimes a smile, sometimes a mystery :
Still keeping chaste to chaste, and high to high,
Glossing close secrets still with secrerie.
Then top of wit and masterpiece of skill,
I here discover from a knightly quill.
For in thele sheets here swadled up, I spi'd
The new borne *Ioseph* from his dust reviv'd :
And from the Presses reaking leaden wombe,
I saw so faire an Hebrew Of-spring come,
So modest, chaste, so *Ioseph*-like it seem'd,
As if againe faire *Rachels* wombe had teem'd.
And h'an't you read, how *Iosephs* growing mite
(By faire degrees) raise him a favourite.,

So doth he here in such brave order rise,
As may indeare him to his *Pharoh's* eyes.
Next, as the rest their flagging tops did bend
To *Iosephs* Sheafe, still mounting up an end;
So you fond Bards (like their ungrounded sheaves)
To this green Laurell, vaile your saplesse Reaves.
Blast not his worthy fame, here newly blowne,
But learne to mend the ruines of your owne.

Loc here your President, where you may see
How farre divine wit, passeth Surquedrec.

E. M.

THE DREAMER, OR The first Chapter of *Joseph.*

GEN. the 37.

JOSEPH, a Sheep-heard, doth consort
With's brethren; tel's their ill report:
His Father loves him in extremes,
For which he's hated, and his dreames:
He's thrown into the pit, and sold
Unto the Ishmaelites for gold,
Who to Ægypt having brought him,
The second time, a Courtier bought him.



OD, alwaies just, begins in *Abrahams* Seed,
To ratifie his Promise with his Deed;
Jacob holds fast, and hath by this time well
Deserv'd the happy name of *Izrael*: Gen. 31.
The Angell now would part, he (though 24.
His thigh disjoyned, undefatigable) (disable,
Tugs for his blessing; as when heretofore,
For his lo'vd *Rachel*, he serv'd sev'n yeers more:

A

Yong

Yong *Joseph*'s joyfull Mother now (with whom,
 A good portent!) God op'd her barren womb,
 Took from her, her reproach; *Israel* and she,
 Equally blest by importunity:
 He, for a blessing; She, for one to blesse;
 Both earnest futors, both with like successe.
 Hence for all crosses arm'd, and black despayr,
 Learn; GOD himself is overcom by prayr:
 If thou as earnest be in seeking, as
 Un-tyred *Israel* and his *Rachel* was:
 Who now, above the rest, doe love this boy,
 As one not gotten in the common way,
 But as a signe of GOD's continued love,
 A prayr-gain'd childe immediat from above:
 As, when the minde of Man some good conceives,
 His hopes dare scarce attempt, and yet receives;
 In like degree he loves it (now it is)
 As if, he durst, he could have wish't it his:
 Or, as things held in long suspence before
 They're granted us, we ever prize them more
 Then easier purchases; As we prefer
 Miraculous, before things commoner:
 So they their *Joseph*, with whom GOD did blesse
 Old *Israel*'s age, and *Rachel*'s barrennesse;
 It was enough (he was her sonne) to move,
 His father, to a more then usuall love.
A coate, of many curious colours wrought,
He made for him; *Joseph was all his thought;*
Joseph was his delight; but yet so far
 As hopefull children to wise parents are,
 He made no fondling of him; he could brooke
 The lov'd child's absence; nor was griev'd to looke

JOY

Upon

Upon his labors ; nor was Joseph fed
With finer meates, nor warm'd a softer bed
With longer priviledge, nor was he spar'd
From any paines wherein his brethren shar'd,
Nor groan'd he for his burthen, nor did grumble,
But with prompt will, and an obedience humble,
Strove to performe his taske ; He went to keepe
(With Bilhah's and with Zilpah's sons) the sheepe,
And whilst his brethren he did thus consort,
He brought his father home their ill-report,
Who joy'd, they griev'd, so yong a one to see
Detest, and to detect their infamie :
But Jacob who too wise, above the rest
Fondly to love one, and for nothing best
At least to shew it ; yet he must approve
And cherish virtue, with increase of love ;
Which now he cannot hide, being swel'd as high
As Joseph's merits ; Virtue first may lie
Or Truth conceal'd, or the fel-brethrens hate,
Ere his affection, now grown passionate.
And they (who for a teltale heretofore,
Now as their fathers-fondling) hate him more :
Besides, nought renders one to envious hearts
More despicable then excelling parts ;
So, nought more then his virtue did incense
His brethren's rage ; his fault was Innocence.
Such Jacob's quarell was, such Joseph's fate,
As 'twere to inherit thus his brethrens hate :
The Fathers life, one Esau's share pursu'de ;
The Son was troubled with a multitude :
He got the blessing from them, and they spight
Him, now, their God's, and father's favorite.

A 2

And

And where this hellish fury once is bred
 Of brethrens discord, there 'tis eas'ly fed
 By ev'ry new occasion ; Joseph's minde
 Was then inlightned, when his body blinde
 With drowzie rest, in heavie sleep he wink't ;
 Yet saw and learn't, by a divine instinct,
 Most strange events (such alwayes are the waies
 Whereby God was reveal'd in following daies
 Unto their of-spring) when, 'gainst all extremes,
 Their age saw visions, & their youth dream'd dreams.

*Iosephs
first
dreame.* So Joseph now ; When as me thought all we
 Were binding sheaves of Corne, i' th field, quoth he
 Unto his brethren, that my sheafe arose
 And stood upright i' th midst, When loe all those
 Of yours stood round, and with reclined head,
 As in obeysance, my sheafe worshipped.

Scarce had he ended, when they murmuring all,
 Some with a Soule like-troubled as when *saul*
 From the rais'd Prophet heard his sudden doome,
 And the sad ruin of his house to come :

Some with a scorn ; as when *Geliah* spide
 So weake a Champion come, t'afront his pride
 With staffe and sling ; with like beleefe of fate
 Ensuing, they began to vent their hate.

And are we born, fond-dreamer, to obey ?
 Must we indeed thy vassalls be, cry'd they ?
 Must we adore thine eyes, and seeke grace thence ?
 Whom Time and Nature gave preheminence ?
 What frantick pride transports thy fancy thus ?
Shall such a boy as thou reign over us ?
And thus they swel'd to a more high contempt
Of him, because he told them what he dreampt.

• *BaA*

Yet

Yet this informing Genius left him not,
But newer fancies in his braine begot ;
Such, and of like presage, which mindles he
Of all their bitter flouts and mockery
Freely vents out, ev'n to his fathers eare,
Not caring though his envious brethren heare.
Me thought the Sun and Moone (did mee adore)
And th'elev'n Stars, as did the sheaves before,
Quoth he, with like obeisance : Now his Syre,
In whose ag'd bosom rag'd th'un-usual fire
Of indignation, this relation mov'd
Him in this sort to check the childe he lov'd.
What hast thou dreamp't fond boy ? What shall we all,
Thy Father, Mother, and thy Brethren, fall
In reverence to thee ? Trust not these vaine
And fond illusions of an idle braine :
Shall then that blessing leave me that hath gon
Still an inseparable companion
Of comfort with me ? That which *Isaac* gave,
And that which purchas'd I with lamenesse have
Of my touch't thigh, when all the night I strove
With heav'ly powers, discended from above,
Till I obtain'd ? And shall my name, which men
Us'd sacred, in their deepest Oaths, and when
They speake to any unbelieveing eare,
By *Abraham, Isaac, Jacob's God* they sweare ?
Shall this name stoope to thine ? Must thou indeede
Be only blest of all the promis'd seede ?
Thus chek't he him ; *Yet, ner'e the lesse, each part*
Of Joseph's tale he treasur'd in his heart ;
So did his brethren too, though their intent
From their good fathers was farre different :

Josephs
second
drame.

They store his sayings up, as fuel fit
 To feed their-hel-bred fire and nourish it,
 Blown to too great a height already, by
 Him that first chang'd the warmth and purity
 Of fire, to scorching heate, that it might be
 A meete reward to perpetuite
 For his demerits ; who, thus damn'd to flames,
 To make all partners of his torture aimes
 Here and for ever, and to that end he
 Tormenteth some with burning jealousie ;
 Others, with flames of hate and rancorous ire
 Prepares as charcoales for eternall fire,
 'Mongst all in generall (as they are inclin'd)
 He casts these sparks, which kindled once, a wind
 From any thing hee'l rayse, to fan withall
 The heate more furious, not a word can fall
 From harmlesse Joseph, which nor somthing hath
 That ads to his incensed brethrens wrath
 By this time grown to such a hellish flame,
 That nothing but his blood can quench the same :

Exod. 20 But God, that's True and Gracious, pitty takes
 Ev'n unto thousands, for their fathers sakes ;
 Their Sins cannot old Jacob's service blor,
 Nor may his oath to Abraham be forgot,
 But unto all their goods his love converts
 The ill meant spleene of their malicious hearts :
 Loe how to future times doth this foretell
 The childrens stubbornnesse of Iffrael
 From their beginning ; ag'd but one discent,
 Their plot is murther of the innocent ;
 So mischievous their minds, so bent on blood,
 They spar'd not those that did or meant them good.

Twas

'Twas early in the morn when they were gon
Forth with their Fathers flocks, to feede upon
The plaines of *Sechem*, where they not above
A few short houres had spent, when *Jacob's* love
Mov'd his desire to know what had befell
Them since their parting, whether all were well
Amongst their flocks and them, if they had found
Good shades to rest in, or good feeding ground
There for their sheep and heards, and thus inclinde
He calls yong *Joseph* to him, bids him finde
His brethren out, where they in *Sechem* are,
See them and bring me knowledge how they fare :
The youth is soon commanded, which he shewes
In quick obedience, forth he gladly goes
On this kind errand, to perform the will
Of him that sent him, never fearing ill
Because he meant no harm ; So innocent
Was his great Master from his Father sent
To their curst Of-spring; who, not only bred
From cruell loynes, but more experienced
In blood and murther; having slayn ev'n all
That came and would them to repentance call,
So wicked as they are, they send t'his grave
Him that brought peace to all, and came to save.
Who with an unmov'd soule as cheerfull went
To give his Fathers will accomplishment
Ev'n to the death, though hence the difference grew,
He that his Fathers wisedome was, fore-knew
His danger, *Joseph* went in little doubt
Oth' sad event to finde his brethren out
And comes by this to *Sechem*, cals and cries
Aloud upon them, but there'snone replies

Vntill

21620

Untill as in their quest her owing ran
 Thus through the spacious fields, he met a man,
 Who finding him, demanded what might be
 The cause of his so busie search ; quoth he
 I seek my brethren Sir, can you I pray
 Direct my wandring steps, or tell where they
Have led their flocks; I have to find them out,
Traverſt the vale of Hebron and about
The plaines of Sechem runne with fruitleſſe ſpeed,
Meeting with none could tell me where they feed.
 No (quoth the man) then in good time I may
 Give thee ſome eaſe at laſt : I heard them ſay
 Let us to Dothan hence ; Scarce had he ſaid
 Dothan, when Joseph but to thank him ſtaid,
 Then with much haſte, making this news his guide,
 Poſts after them, whom when from far they ſpide,
 Their colours chang'd, and their diſtracted blood
 Eb'd to their hearts, and ſtreight gush't like a flood
 Into their face and eys, and glowing there,
 Made their long carried coales in flames appeare :
 And then a murmur doth amongſt them runne,
 Like the winds ſtrugling ere the ſtorm's begunne.

When the foure Elements аſſembled are
 From all the corners of the Earth to warre
 In ſome great Tempeſt, when the Ayre and Fire
 Againſt the Earth and ſwelling-Seas conſpire,
 Thunder's their trumpet, at whose noyſe they fall
 In a rude conſlict mixt, and threaten all
 Their poore inhabitants ; Lightnings would dry
 The Seas, and they to quench heav'ns fires do try,
 And hel's flames too, where having falne, they riſe
 With a new crotchet now to ſtrike the Skies.

The

The earth and ayre mean while as twere dissolv'd
 Into one ill minde body, looke, involv'd,
 Thus altogether rude, and shapelosse as
 Old Chaos, ere the worlds creation was.
 Nothing but darknesse now, no light is found
 More then in wretched man, in passions drown'd.
 Reason extinguish't, man's a world compos'd
 Of all the elements which lyfe enclos'd
 In severall humours, from them bred whenev flow
 Our passions which being bound and ordered so
 By reason, as the world by light (the best)
 And first of creatures, made to rule the rest.)
 Angels are in their kinde lesse blest then we
 That images of our Creator be.
 But that curb break, and passions ruling, then
 No storne, no Chaos, so deiform'd as men.
 And thus with Joseph's brethren twas that flood
 Now like so many Cains, in wait for's blood.
 See where yond dreamer comes (say they) Let's kill him
 Let's make an end of him, and see what will
 Become of all his projects, and his visions,
 His idle fancies, and fond aparitions,
 And for a good excuse we can not misse
 We'll say, Some beast devour'd him, true it is
 Most savage beasts they were that thus did plot
 To ruine him, their rage consider'd not
 His fathers care who sent, whose love him brought
 To hearken of their healths, this thidynere thought.
 All seek his death but Judah, whom more milde
 Then were the rest, labours to save the childe.
 The boy is yong, and childish, he in vain alredy
 Urg'd, and for dreats deservt's not to be slain.

B

Then

Then with his fathers weaknesse intercedes,
His years, and his great love to Joseph pleads,
Joseph's the staffe, and prop of Israels age,
Thus he persists, but they still deafe with rage,
Give him no eare, his words can do no good:
Which when he sees, oh yet let's shed no blood
He cries, my brethren, file direct appay
To your revenge, and yet we will not slay,
Nor lay our hands on him, not farre from hence
Ith'desert is a hollow hole, and thence
Down to the bottome the dissent so steep,
That tis impossible he ere should creep
Again above ground, there's no water there,
And tis so steep withall that none can heare
His cryes, and if by chance he there be found,
It may be said, he fell into the ground,
Then can it ne're be told, we took his breath,
Although indeed we left him to his death:
None of his bloud can on our heads be laid:
For none of it we shed, all this he said
To rid him from their hands, and if be might,
To bring him to their father home at night.
At last more pacified, they take for lence
His words, and give him freer audience.
Reuben, say they, speaks truth, then let's not stryke,
We will not kill, but bury him alive.
Their plot concluded on, and Joseph come,
They fall upon him altogether: some
Rip off his many colour'd coat (the signe
Of Jacob's love) others make fast a line
About his tender waste, and ripping thence
All but his shirt, white like his innocence,

They

They hale him forwards, whilst his grief, and fears,
Can vent it self in nothing, but in tears:
They will not heare him speak, nor are they mov'd,
Nor once consider'd how their father lov'd
Those blubber'd eyes, nor what hold grief would take
On his gray hairs, for his lost *Joseph's* sake:
Mindlesse of this, with other thoughts then whet
Their fury on; and more on edge did set
Their vengeance, being by this come to the pit,
They rudely take and cast him into it:
And in the ground they bury (O vild deed)
Gods promise, and the hopes of *Isaque's* seed.
But see his power, that from the loose stones can,
Or looser dust, raise *Abraham* sonnes, made man
Of nought, can cause new quickned bodies come
From the graves barren, and unfruitfull womb.
He that shall make all deeps, and seas at last,
Their dead from forth their silent mansions cast,
That power can *Israels* seed so deeply sowne,
Cause sprouting thence, to florish in a throne.
Ev'n he that puls the mighty from their seat,
Shall make the lowest highest, *Joseph* great,
Who left thus deep, now to his deeper thoughts,
More then his own fate, wails his brethrens faults,
Thinks on their impious rage, and what a curse
Must follow their offence, this griev'd him worse
Then his own suffring; they mean while thefeat
Long plotted on perform'd, sare down to eat
On th'earths green carpet, but what ere their food,
I dare presume; their cheer was not so good,
It cannot be the guilt of their offence
Could sit so light upon their conscience.

Some anxious thoughts of their great God displeas'd
 Poore Joseph left so cold, and hunger, seised him now.
 Sometimes upon them all, as where they led on ill way,
 It seems they mus'd, for in they lift their head,
 And looking round, behold upon the sight
 Of certain Merchants, that were Ishmaelites,
 Whose camels laden (towards Egypt bent) with gold and
 With balme, and myrrh, and spicke, from Gilead went,
 Judah cried out, what will it do us good
 To kill our brother, and conceal his bloud?
 He is our brother, and our flesh, interwedd
 We layd no hande upon him, let us sell him then, himong them
 Him rather to yon Merchant, and being sold,
 We are reveng'd, and our reward is gold in such blood.
 The saying please d them all, and w^t they no scold, ignorance
 (Whilst absent R euben nothing of it knowes,) are orbrates
 And coming to the pit, cast in a rope
 To hale up weeping Joseph, now in hope of libration.
 Some pity came upon them, when he found to woe and
 Worse mischiefe gaping for him then the ground,
 He in the narrow confines of the cave
 Was King, there being none else, but now's a slave,
 For th' Ishmaelites being come to them, they brought him,
 Who having looks and like to him, bought him, th^t cost
 For twenty silver pieces a good naturall man, no skind
 Judas but thirty for his Master gaue, no w^t of flus.
 Joseph thou highly valued art to rise
 Within ten pieces of thy saylour price, o horoly god!
 Thy brethren knesurly thought it was good gain
 To have revenge and silver for their paine
 Two pieces ev'ry man, but howe their come
 A cloak to hide their fault, they think upon of th^t bloud.

And here the worst of all their malice noot,
Their infamy, they cover, with thy coat.

Gods finger's in't, a ramme's for Isaac slain,
A kid for Joseph, with whose blood they stain
His colour'd rayment, mean while to the pit
Reuben makes haste, and being come to it
Bows him there down, and whispers, brother rise,
I come to free thee from the cruelties
Of them that hate thee, as from being slain
I sav'd, so now Ile bring thee home again
Unto thy father: but when none replies
He doubts, and louder, and yet louder cryes:
At last, with out-stretcht throat, he lifts his voyce,
So have I often heard the climbing noyse
Of some exact Musician that begins
So low, 'yould scarce beleefe he toucht the strings:
Then by degrees mounts to a tone so high
That each eare tingles as in sympathy,
Or like the tune o'th wind, that calmly blows
At first, then swells, and by degrees it grows
Higher, and higher yet, and is at last
Able to deafe the hearers, ev'ry blast:
Such and so fruitlesse, is th'exalted voyce
Of *Reuben* now he hears no answring noyse.
But his own echo, willingly beguill'd,
He takes that as an answser from the childe,
And calls again, till reason makes him know
It is not, though (God wot) he wish it so.
He finds his error, and with tears laments
His brothers losse, then passionately rents
His cloaths, and with redoubled haste he makes
After his brethren, whom he over-take,

First with lamenting voyce, which to them cries,
 And coming near with teare-bedewed eyes,
 Joseph is gone, what shall become of me,
 He was not in the pit, then farewell be,
 They all replide, we need not fear his spight:
 Now, to bring home t' our father tales at night,
 You have not slain him then, good God defend;
 He from his brethren, this untimely end
 Should have, (quoth Reuben) no, be thou content,
 No violent hands we laid on him, yet sent
 Him far enough from troubling us again,
 Nor is our quietnesse the onely gain
 W'have made, nor yet our just revenge: but see,
 All this w'had for him, here's a share for thee.
 Who when he saw no remedy, at last
 He purg'd himself oth' guilt, and forward past:
 Whilst they applaud their doings and device,
 Th' ave found to blinde their fathers aged eyes,
 Who wisht them blinde indeed, when they the coat
 Present unto him, and ask him if he know't,
 He takes and views, and seeing it all ore
 Dipt in his best lov'd sonnes supposed gore,
 He faine would not beleieve his eyes, on them
 He looks that brought it, then on it agen,
 He knows the work, and as he well may do,
 The making, and the curious colours too.
 So God the rain-bow cloath'd, which of his love
 And future pitty was the pledge, so 'bove
 His other brethren, this as a delight
 Did witnesse Joseph was in's fathers fight:
 But here th'unhappy difference did prove,
 That shows Gods pitty, this mans pitty move:
 Who

Who having seen? a crimson that out-shines
The well prest fruit of cluster bearing vines,
Or any thing of Nature well set by,
To shadow forth the purple *Syrian* dye,
Close unto which another colour's layd,
Pure as the modest blushes of a mayd,
And sundry other reds by a well caught,
And curious needle-woman finely wrought
Into one piller; in another's seen
As many sorts of well disposed green,
The next of yellow, and between them lay
The fether of the prating Popingay,
Flame colour then, and saffron you behold,
Compared with the pleasing hue of gold,
And in like w ell mixt method you might finde
Blacks, blues, and whites divers of ev'ry kinde
In severall pillers wav'd, and neatly wrought
Into one peece of stiffe, one curious coat:
If I that artificiall work should see
Spoyl'd, and bestain'd with bloud, 'twould pity me,
How much is he mov'd then? that is perswaded
'Twas with his bloud, and death for whom he made it.
He that his passions wil expresse aright,
Must be as he was in the self same plight.
His brows are cloudy, from his eyes it rains
Salt showres of tears, as t'were to wash the stains
From off the slubber'd coat, then with a groan,
Because that's spoil'd, hee'll likewise spoyl his own.
He rends his garments, and in sack-cloth cloth's
His aged loyns, then weeps afresh and loaths
All words of comfort, Joseph thou art gone,
Torn as my garment, bloody as thine own,

Some

Some evill beast, some bear, or how wilde
Have fil'd their greedy panches with my childe:
And now though all his sonnes and daughters rise
To comfort him hee't note: hit big swoln eyes
Will take no truce from tears, they banish sleep,
And as twere made for nothing, but to weep.
The day he in no other talk out-wears,
And all the night waters his couch with tears.
Now thou art gone, what comfort can I have?
Ile follow thee, my sonne, into the grave,
With sorrow Ile descend, thus grief prevail
Ore the old man, and thus he long bewail
The prosperous youth, who is by this time brought
To Ægypt with those Merchants, and there bought
By Putiphar, an officer by place
Chief Marshal, and a man in Pharaohs grace.

THE

THE
PRISONER:
OR,
The second Chapter of Joseph.

G E N. the 39.

JOSEPH his Master puts in trust,
His Mistresse tempts him to her lust,
Faire words, and threats, in vain she usde,
Then in disdaine to be refusde:
Complains of an intended rape,
Alleadg'd her out-cry, his escape;
So Joseph is in prison cast,
An uncouth fault, for being chaste.
But still God blest him: to his care,
The prisoners all committed are.

T He great Creator whose all piercing eye
The secretst corners of our hearts can trie.
He that their future inclination knows
Being growne to men, that now art embrioes.
Elected Isaac, ere good Abraham thought
Old barren Sarah should a sonne have brought.

C And

And Joseph sure, whom God a blessing gave
 To weeping Rachel, part of it must have
 Himselfe; the Lord nere blest a barren wombe,
 And not the issue that shoulde from it come.

Josephs belov'd, and blest, even from his birth,
 Blest in the hollow cavernes of the earth,
 Where being cast, and then again hal'd thence,
 And by his brethren sold for twenty pence
 Of silver, to those Marchants, who him bare
 To Ægypt, to the house of Putiphar.

There sold the second time; God in the place
 Of bondage, with his Master gives him grace.
 Who, *Joseph* Steward of his house, doth make,
And all he hath, and all for Josephs sake
Is blest, and prospers, Joseph is found just,
As seemes by Putiphar, his Masters trust:
All's under Josephs hand, nor doth he know
Ought that he hath, but what he eats, or so.

Nor doth he loose by't, Joseph keeps true counts,
 And Putiphar to wealth, and honour, mounts
 By his just care; but see, the devill would show
 A little kindnesse unto Joseph too.

*A decri-
ption of
Joseph.*

Joseph's a proper man, faire to behold,
 Of geodly stature, and a handsome mould,
 His sparkling eye quicke with attentive care
 Shoots pleasing beames, yet those, not wanton are;
 His smooth white forehead, and unclouded brow
 The open plainnesse of his heart did show
 Sweet and good natures read, not crafty wiles
 Are hidden, in his undissembled smiles.
 His long dishevel'd locks, of curled haire
 From obscene speeches guard his deafned eare,

His

His lips faire *Rachels* were, his looks so meek,
His modesty gave colour to his cheek.
His head, and heart, were *Jacobs*, just, and wise,
All this the fiend pleads, and in's Mistris eyes,
Gives him not grace, but liking, not with loves;
But with her hot lusts strong temptation proves
His youth, so forcibly as might enrage
The cold, decayed bloud, of wrinckled age.
Yet *Joseph* is unmov'd, a wonder past
Moderne beleefe, hee's tempted, faire, and chast.
Had many women been so, t'would from spight
Redeem'd the sex, and common epithites:
His no forc'd vertue was, like theirs that be
Best guarded by their owne deformity
From sinne, whose face is able to deter
Lust from themselves and the adulterer.
Whose looks no more temptation in them have
Then that they're like the devils, nor to save
Charge or expences was it, nor was he
To buy his sinne, or loose his chastity
At so deare rate; his manhood to controule,
As (sinners now) with money, and their soule.
Nor lacks he boldnesse, for his Mistresse she
Becomes the tempter, and where modesty
Most hinders lust, me thinks that grace I finde
Like Gods restrigent power, which to mankinde
The devill doth as twere in chains withhold
From doing of the mischife, that he would;
Nor wants he youthfull heat, being in the prime
And flower of his age, the aptest time
For such employments, nor wants ought to move
That mig ht seduce him to unlawfull love.

But he that chaste, and can't be otherwise,
 Offers himselfe a wretched sacrifice
To God, when all his bones of sap are drie,
 As *Cains* lean eares of corne, which in Gods eye
 Was not of all accepted: the most high
 Delights not in such barren piety.

Eccl. 12. But *Joseph* full of vertue, full of truth,
 1. Remembers his Creator in his youth,
 E're the dayes come which bring him of his grave
 In minde, those dayes, wherein men say they have
 No pleasure: would that grace that sav'd him then
 From hir inticements, were not lost 'mongst men
 Of these last dayes, she was not foule, nor mean,
 Nor was she old, nor yet a common quean,
 When had she bee ene all these 'ere giv'n a nay,
 How many a youth had cast his soule away
 To such a proffer, they had bee ene lesse nice
 Then to deny, more ready to entice.
 She was his Masters wife, and this offence
 They would have colour'd with obedience
 Still due to her commands: who would have thought,
 I mean what worldly man, but this had brought
 Him to preferment in a way more nigh
 Then his deniall, and fidelitie?
 She sole commandresse was in ev'ry thing,
 She could her husband sway, and he the King,
 But wretched men! and yet Ile nothing say,
 Ile not prophane my story, to inveigh
 Or scarce to mention them that do not know (flow.
 What sweet content doth with good conscience
 But from them to the Devill I le proceed
 Observe his plots, see with what cunning heed,

And

And how industrious he his worke doth ply,
And gives what she could wish, conveniency.

When all abroad, none's left but she at home,
Joseph bout's businesse in the house doth come.

The fiend doth finde his plot may well be crost,
That Joseph's bashfulness would nere accost
His amourous Mistresse, she'l not be withstood,
The devill will finde more wayes unto the wood.

Her plyant bosome with more heat he moves
At Josephs sight boldly to breake her loves
In these broad tearms, whom when she first doth see,
She runs to embrace, and cryes, Come lyue with me.

Ev'n as a man that in the dead of night
Some apparision meets, or ghastly sight,
He cannot fly, but trembles, and stands mute,
So blushing Joseph, at this shamelesse suite: (shape,
Whilst she more bold, commends his matchlesse
Then on his corrall lips commits a rape.
And if before her words your wonder breeds,
She is as plaine, or plainer in her deeds:
Wealth is her promise, and her pledge a kisse,
A las poore Joseph! what a conflict's this?
The world, the flesh, the devill, all at once,
Thou art beset, by hels fierce champions.
They strike his eares with flart'ries, and they thrust
Ev'n at his soule with fiery darts of lust:
Who arm'd with vertue, in his heart that dwels,
Makes vaine their malice, and their force repels,
With flat refusall, giv'n with due respects,
He reverences his Mistresse, but rejects
Her impudent entreaties, and with eyes
Cast where she may not see them, thus replyes:

(Lady) you know that in my hands there are
 More then my Master wots, unto my care
 All is entrusted that he hath to kee;
 There is none greater in the house then I:
 Of all his goods he hath detained none
 From me, except your selfe, his wife alone.
 Such was old Adams case, one fruit forbad,
 Ev'n all the world besides he might have had,
 And that he long'd for, oh unhappy nice
 To save his longing, lost his paradice !
 And shall not his example give to me
 Warning enough from the forbidden tree?
 When to my Master I was sold a slave,
 His goodnesse trusted, and securely gave
 His whole state to my keeping: oh 'twere shame
 My cos'nage should begin upon his fame!
Besides I pray that God my works may blesse,
How can I then do this great wickednesse,
And sinne against him? twas I hope to try
 Your servants truthe, and his fidelity,
 My honour'd Mistrisse, whence these words proceed
 Not any meaning to so foule a deed:
 Which said, quicke rev'rence made with busie haste,
 Not staying for her answer forth he past :
 And left her more amaz'd, then he at first
 When she into her lustfull passions burst :
 A modest blush did Josephs cheek bestaine,
 But in her angry looks all colours raigne ;
 All passions in her brest, first raging ire
 Inflames her eyes, they set the rest on fire
 Of her swolne face, but: oh her lost delight !
 She fears, and changes, now again shee's white.

She

She grieves, laments, despairs; hee'l nere come back
She cryes, and now shes melancholly black;
She frets, and frowns, and then as in disdain
To be refus'd, she scorns, and smiles again:
Now in distraction all her passions met,
Proteus himself could never counterfeit
So many severall colours, till at last
This mad fit of her contemplation past,
She coms t' her self, and thinks what's done, and sed,
And what's the cause that she no better sped:
Then she considers that he was but yong,
And must be suppled with a smoother tongue:
She was too rough, thence came her ill successse;
Flattery must winne the heart of bashfulnesse.
She studies now encomiums for the rare
Perfektions he's indu'd with, such as were
Excuse, she thought, for lust of worse degree
Then hers, for incest, or damn'd Sodomie.
Nature (saith she) did nere a body frame
So excellent; onely to beare a name,
And to be lookt on, nor will I perswade
Thee unto ought, but that for which th'art made,
Which was not for thy self; thou art not yong,
Nor deck'd with comelinesse, nor wise, nor strong,
For thine own onely good, but unto thee
Nature imparted these, that thou mightst be
Her steward of them; youth and strength are thine,
(But for her use) oh do not thou decline
From her commands that gave them, she did frame
All for each others good, and what I claime
Is by her laws, who never sure combin'd
So smooth a body, with so harsh a minde,

As

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As pretend'st to have, all thou canst say
 Is of thy Masters goodnesse, canst thou pay
 His courtesie with greater, all thy life.
 Then this thy kindnesse to his dearest wife?
 And i' st not meer dissembling if thou tell
 Thou lov'st him, and not her he loves so well?

Ile foure legg'd dwellers in the woods, and hils,
 Both male, and female, whilst nought curbs their wils
 enjoy their sweet variety with peace:
 Nature commands them nothing but increase.
 Yet still do'st urge a matrimoniall tye
 Why canst thou think wise she would ere deny
 To man whom she of all things hath possest
 Those priviledges she hath given a beast?
 But more and stronger charms she doth invent,
 And so the fiend had made her eloquent.
 Her words an aged Hermit from his cell
 Might have intic'd, and made him sue for hell.
 But Joseph's still unmov'd, he gives no eare
 He's full of businesse, and wants time to heare
 Her flatties (in his carriage thus to her
 Were little hopes of being a Courtier).
 Still she assayes him whilst the dev'll her friend
 Makes daily opportunities attend
 Her newer plots, how can they chuse but hit
 Between the devils and the womans wit
 So closely follow'd? for she day by day
 As Samsons wife, or his false *Dalila*,
 Importunate, persuades him with her lust,
 And day by day hath the same answer just.
 At last impatient of her oft denyall,
 She now resolves upon a finall triall:

And

And either in her vile attempts shee'l speed
Or on revenge, if not on lust shee'd feed.
What foule effects do such suits propagare,
If granted, shame; and if not granted, hate.
Thus arm'd in both hands, brings she sword, and fire,
Swords of revenge, and flames of foule desire.
Here let him chuse to which he is inclin'd,
The fiend and she are of the self-same minde.
If with the sinne he cannot be content,
Let him resolve to beare the punishment.

The folks i th field, and Putiphar at Court,
Joseph comes home: oh how do all consort
To her vile purpose? whilst his serious thoughts
Mus'd on his busynesse, she his garment caught:
Speaks her old language, now she tells him plain
He's fast, and shall not part with her a gain
Till she hath had her will: if he refuse her,
She'l swear that he attempted to abuse her.

He thus put out on's dumps, this troubled more
His thoughts, then all he mus'd upon before,
And as for such encounters ill prepar'd,
He's mute, and struggles as a bird ensnar'd:
Such were his looks, as when *Susanna* saw
The wicked Elders from their covert draw.
Their case not much unlike, the same they cry,
His Mistrisse and the Elders, do or dye.
As a ruft fowl, that gladly leaves her plumes
In the hawks eager talents, and assumes
New wings of fear, from her late danger past
Vntill her safety she hath wonne at last.
The like our troubled Joseph forc't to do,
Forsakes his garment, and his Mistrisse too.

D

Whc

Who thus forlorn, of all her hopes bereft
 Nothing of *Joseph*, but his rayment left,
 And that she kept, a pledge of hirdisclain,
 Not as a pawn, he would return again.
 His father *Jacob* was not troubled more
 When he his colour'd coat had lost before.
 Then she's now vexed, and fretted, she could tear
 The cloak for anger, yet she will forbear,
 And keep it for revenge, her hopes beguil'd
 Makes her to weep, and anger makes her wilde,
 With looks distracted now she doth arise,
 And with a loud and troubled voyce she cries
 Unto her people, and whilst they amaz'd
 Upon her ill presaging count' nance gaz'd,
 She cries out help, as if some foe were by
The Hebrew slave hath offer'd villany
To me his Masters wife; be that's so just,
 In whom his Master doth repose such trust,
'Twas he came in to mock me, till affright
By my rais'd voyce, he took himself to flight,
 And left for fear, or shame, or both you see
This coat, the witnessse of his lust with me.
 Fine Devill still, what plot hath ever been yet
 Crost with th' old instrument the woman wit,
 Whom he thought fittest 'mongst the creatures all
 To compasse a damnation generall,
 In *Adam's* ruine, she so serv'd him then
 That he hath us'd the self same hand agen,
 In most of's plots e're since, upon just *Lot*
 By wine, and women, he a conquest got
 No pow'r but womans ever could subvert
David, a man chose after Gods own heart ;

Then

Then which successe he chose to set upon
The strong, and wise, *samson*, and *solomon*:
So holy *Job* was tempted: women are
Like Angels, and the good may halfe compare
With them for glory, did heav'ns brightnesse shine
As oft upon them, they were as divine.

The bad ones are the flesh that tempt to evill,
And almost do more mischiefe then the devill.
Fit instruments for him, to death they lead,
The Wiseman saith, her paths unto the dead.
They're like mans evill genius, and attend
As his bad angel for some wicked end.

The best things when they from their goodnessse fall,
And be corrupted, prove the worst of all.
'Angels that fell are devils since their curse,
But beauteous woman falne from vertue, worse.
Such was this dame, who seeking to betray
Poore Joseph for his innocence doth lay
His cloak safe, till his Lords return, to whom
She thus presents it at his comming home.

Such are the servants you forme provide,
Your Hebrew slaves refraugt with lust and pride,
Came in to mock me, till my shreiks for fear
Made him forgo his cloak, and leave it here.

Me thinks with such a brow vext *samson* ey'd
His father that restrain'd him from his bride.
So *Josephs* angry brethren, did behold him,
When they against him rose, before they sold him:
As now his Master doth, who will not stay
To heare him what he for himself can say.
Anger contracts his brow, his eyes shoot fire,
His wroth is kindled, will the slave aspire

Prov.
18.

To all I have? Is there not in his hands
Enough already? and with that commands
Him to perpetuall prison, too unjust
A guerdon for inviolated trust.

Yet in his anger did some love appeare,
Twas to a place where the Kings prisoners were.

But God that's ev'ry where is there likewise,
And gives him favour in his keepers eyes;
Who a new charge commits unto his care,
Ev'n all the prisoners that in prison are.

Joseph doth all, the keeper takes his rest,
And looks to nothing, but still Joseph's blest.
For see the Lord his own that nere forsakes,
Makes all to thrive that Joseph undertakes.

Who cheerfull still, and no way discontent
For his lost liberty, or punishment:
His cleare soul knowing, that for no offence
He suffer'd, onely for his innocence.

And cheerfull well he may be, each place proves
A heaven unto him, wheresoe're he moves.

By God's dread presence, as by Kings resort,
Each petty cottage doth become a Court.

As was the house of *Obed-Edom* blest,
Whilst in his walls the sacred Ark did rest:
So Joseph now in jayl (no doubt) it were
A happinesse to be a prisoner there.

The keeper finds his blessings whilst he sees
With admiration his encrease of fees.

Great prisoners daily flock, like *Labans* sheep,
Whilst *Jacob* did his pastures keep.

THE
SOOTH-SAYER:
OR,
The third Chapter of Joseph.

GEN. the 40.

*The Butler and the Baker, both
To prison sent in Pharaoh's wroth.
They severall dreams to Joseph told,
Who their meanings did unfold.
The Butler whom his news restor'd
He in his own behalf implor'd:
But with him thanklesse, and unkinde,
Being out of sight, is out of minde.*

And after these things, lo, it came to passe,
Pharoh offended with his Butler was:
And his chiefe Baker, whom (being wroth) he sent
Together both, to close imprisonment:
Ev'n to the place where Joseph was inward,
Unto whose charge the Captain of the guard

*Committed them, where for a season he
Did serve them both, and bare them company.*

There they continued, till some days were past,
Impatient with their durance both: at last
With froward vexing they out weare the light,
And in unquiet slumbers spend the night,
Untill as wearied both, a nap they take
Each with a severall dream i th' morne doth wake.
When Joseph early comming to salute
His charge, he finds them sullen both and mute.

Sure mans eternall soul, hath here some sence
(As other spirits) oth' pleniscience
Which unto them hereafter shall be given
(Their fleshly droffe being purg'd away,) in heav'n.
And did not our grosse bodies it deny
Undoubtedly each man might prophecy.

Whilst our dull carcases, are charmed with sleep,
Still as in death: our soul his watch doth keep:
No outward objects interpose, to hale
Included fancy forth, the naturall
Thoughts of our souls presented, then we finde,
And dream the fears, or wishies of our minde.

The knowing soul, then, privy to th' entent
Of following fate, discover would th' event
To th' corps, and wanting pow'r to do't at full
Speaks in the language of an oracle.
With which the body waking from his trance
Is more afflicted then with ignorance.

So 'twas with these, who understood the news,
Mat. 13. Their dreaming fancies brought them; as the Jews
14. Christ's parables: and no more, then th' Eunuch did
Esay's mysterious prophecy, as he rid

Before

Before hee met with *Phnep*, this did vere
Their troubled fences, and so much perplexe
Their mind with doubts; as should a pardon come
To one condemn'd, he might misdoubt his doome,
And sentence in it, till it were unseal'd,
And the glad news, with the contents reveal'd:
Such were their fears, they always us'd to be
A little cheer'd with *Joseph's* company.
But now when he his morning wishes had
Giv'n, still he finds them discontent and sad.
Their pale aspects, which with an o're clowded brow,
And wrinckled forhead, made them seem as though
Th'unpleasing fancies not with sleep forsaking king.
Their troubled thoughts, still wrought upon thē wa-
Such was wretch't *Hamor's* face, when he descride
The strange catastrophe of all his pride
So look't *Caldeas* King, when midst of all
His jollity, he spide upon the wall
The characters unknown, the dreadfull hand
Which all the sages could not understand,
So pensive were these prisoners till some pause
Past, Joseph silence breaks and asks the cause.
What mean these heavy looks? they both reply
Yong man, tis more then our lost liberty
That now afflicts us, we have each this night,
Dreamp't severall dreams, and here is none that might
Disclose the hidden meaning, or make knowne
To us the right interpretation.
Perchance they may devine some good event,
Some ease, or end, of our imprisonment.
Be not disma id, replide the holy youth,

Act. 8.

30.

Hest. 6.

Dan. 5.

Come

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Come not such secrets from the God of truth?

Cheer up your down-cast hearts, and you shall see
God makes his servants wise : pray tell them me
 To whom the Butler as a good portent
 Of's lucky fancy and the good it meant,
 First clears his clouded face, and taking heart,
 He thus to Joseph doth his dream impart.

The
Butlers
dreame,

Me thought my fancy gave unto my sight
A fruitfull vine which spread it self forthright
Into three branches, on whose boughs appeare
The three most pleasant seasons of the yeare :
It springs, and buds, and then it blossoms bore,
At last with ripn'd grapes all clustred ore,
I gather'd some, which as I then did think
I crush'd in Pharaohs cup, and gave him drink.

To whom good Joseph being loath to hide
 Such welcome news from him, thus replide.

interpre-
ted.

The fruitfull branches that were spread three ways,
By their interpretation are three days:
Let not those houres seeme tedious, which being spent
Are the last days of thy imprisonment.
The King shall lift thine head, and shall restore
Thee then to fill his cup as heretofore.
But when as I foretell you finde it so,
Remember Joseph, and some kindnesse shew.
Mention my name to Pharaoh, free me hence,
And my good tydings have full recompence.

I from the Hebrew land was stoln a childe,
Nor hath my youth committed ought so vilde
As to deserve the rigor that thus stays
Me here to languish out my best of days,

In

In obscure laziness; with so small scope,
Able to breake the very heart of hope.
All that my worst accuser e're could lay
Vnto my charge, I once did disobey
My Masters wife, in a command that went
Against my conscience; and was therefore sent
Here where you see me; 'twas no other fault
That damn'd me to this melancholy vault,
Where were that axiom true, that some doe hold,
Griefe makes men gray, I had ere this grown old.

Now as you finde my truth, remember me
By the prediction of your liberty.
Your dreame expounded, I have clear'd your doubt,
But dreame not when I shall my selfe come out:
Vnlesse your kinde remembrance quit me well,
By giving me what I to you foretell.
The Butler like a Courtier promis'd where
Sad Ioseph makes his period with a teare.

By this the Baker having understood,
To'thers interpretation was good,
Rous'd up himselfe, and herewith comforted.

*Thus told his dreame, behold upon my head
Were three white baskets, th' uppermost methought
With all choyce kinde of Pharaoh's bake-meats fraught,
Where loe the birds, that round about me fled,
Did eat them out o'th basket on my head.*

*To whom, thus Ioseph, (loathing with delays,
Worse to torment him) telles that three dayes
His three white baskets are, whose short time spent,
Thou shalt be free from thy imprisonment;
And then an end of all thy cares shalt make,
Then shall the King thine head from off thee take;*

The Ba-
kers
dreame
interpre-
ted.

And cause thce to be hang'd upon a tree,

And birds shall eat thy flesh from off of thee.

Thus Ioseph ends, whil'st they with hope and feare,
True picture of those different passions were.

Nor will I otherwise describe their station,
But each was like his dreames interpretation :
Th'one full of hope, the other of despaire;
But all proves true, as Ioseph did declare.

For the third following morne it carre to passe,
That Pharoh's birth day then solemniz'd was :

Mirth and the voyce of joy the heavens invade,
Whilst he feast for all his servants made.

To which the prisoners call'd, he lifts their head,
The one's restor'd, the t'other punished
With shame, and verifying Iosephs words,
Hang'd, and his flesh devoured by the birds.

Meane while, th' advanced Butler, too ingrate,
Forgetts poore Ioseph, and his wretched state.

Courtiers have busie heads, the breath of Kings
Takes from them cleane the sense of meaner things :
Th'have other thoughts to thinke on, then to know
Friends low in state, when their high fortunes flow.
Th'have all faire language, and that's freely spent;
Their promise too is but a complement.

No strangers businesse in their heads can stand,
Without some memorandums in their hand.

But pardon me, you noble soules, that be
Attendants fit for sacred Majesty.

Men farre above my Muse, weake to set forth
Your praise: lesse able to impayr your worth.

I know the Court's the onely Shoole to teach
Humanity, and to attain the reach

Of wit : it is, what need more woilds be spent ?
Under the Kings immediate government :
Where b rave mindes, that from glories of the place,
Vertue and worth derive, their Princes grace
Abusing not, but studying to confer't
To his increase of love, upon desert :
Have all those Angels plac'd by heav'n t'attend
The King, (his state and person to defend)
So many better geniusses to tell,
And prompt them, both to live, and counsell well.

But to conceive there be 'bout honours seat,
Courtiers like this i'th story, it would whet
The dullest Muse, and make milde patience strain
For Satyres, being inspired by disdain
Of such a thanklesse wretch, that hath forgot
His comforter in prison, minding not
Who rais'd his drooping head, and hopes descry'de
To him, that else might there for griefe have dyde.

E 2

The

THE
COVRTIER:
OR,
The fourth Chapter of *Joseph.*

G E N. the 41.

Pharoh dreamt, the Sages sent
For, cannot tell him what it meant.
Ioseph called for, declares
Th' approaching Famine, and prepares
Against it. Pharoh doth him grace,
And yeelds in Court a second place
To him; his blessing's well begun,
The King a wife, God gives him Sonnes.

POORE *Ioseph* still a prisoner, looks to heare
From his enlarged friend, with patient eare
For two years space: and freedome he expects
From him, whose life and practice are neglects.
But now he findes his error, knowes it can
Nothing availe him to confide in man.

Man

Man nere so mindfull, 's but a means to do
What God thinks fit, and gives his blessing to.
This the *Bethulians* knew, whose state more bad
Then *Ioseph's* and an Advocate they had
Carefull as being a party in the case,
Hopefull as beauty, or her pleading face.
Yet they no confidence, repose she,
They hope a happy means from God may be
For their deliverance: from hence they take
Some courage and their joint petitions make
That God would blesse her with successe as faire,
As was the undertaker. *Samsons* haire
Gave but small hope to *Israel* of defence,
When as the Spirit was departed thence.
What power is in dride figs to heale the fore
Of *Iudah's* King : are *Israels* waters more
Healthfull then those of *Syria*, that they can,
By washing clean the Leper *Naaman*?
What vertue hath unlesse God blessing meet
The Prophes salt, to make the waters sweet?
The greatest means in misery to redresse it
As fruitlesse is, except our God do blesse it.
Men have not powre to think of what they see
Unlesse the Lord instruct their memory.
As now in his good time he brought to passe,
The Butler mindfull of poor *Ioseph* was.
Though late, when *Pharoh*, (for crowns cannot keep
Care from Kings heads) was troubled in his sleep.
Fancies disturb'd work on his restlesse brain
He dreamp't, and wak't, & slept, and dreamp't again,
Again affrighted wakes : and sends to call
His Sages, and Magicians, and for all

Iudeih.

Judg. 16

Isay 38.

21.

King. 20

7.

That used to descant on such mistique theams
But none can tell the meaning of his dreams.

Long had they mus'd, and heer one walk't alone
Biting his nailes in contemplation.
There t' other scratch't his head as if he were
Assur'd without all doubt to find it there.
One waves his hand, another stroaks his beard,
A third sit still, and with his face uprear'd,
Looks whence it came; and sure hee'l fetch it far
That to a strict account calls star by star,
The host of Heaven, inquiring the effects
Of the close vision from their aspect's
But hear salike, that questions powr's so high
The musique of the sphears, and their reply.
Heer one more serious plodding then the rest
Falls fast asleep, whether his minde opprest,
With too much study were, or his intent
By his own dream to what *Pharoh's* meant,
He like the rest succeeds : their heads they joyn'd,
But still so many a head, so many a mind.
Now like the *Philistims* that undertook
*Sams*ons dark riddle, so the Sages look.
They greatly troubled are, but *Pharoh* more,
His looks are like his Butlers heretofore,
Who happily was thus by *Pharoh's* face
Made mindfull of his own and *Iosephs* case :
And whether's pity, or promise were the thing
That moved him if to please, or ease the King,
It were I know not : but he thus began
With reverence made, This day, ô King, I can
Remember well my faults, Pharoh was wroth
With his two servants, and most justly both

My self, and his chief Baker put inward
 Into the Captain's prison of the Guard.
 Where being at once overcome with grief extream,
 And troubled thoughts, each of us dreamt a dream,
 I th' self-same night our sleeps imaginations
 According just to their interpretations.

We wak'd and sadly mus'd, till a young man
 Putiphars servant, prisoner with us than
 An Hebrew captive, unto whom we told
 Our dreams, their hidden meanings did unfold.
 And as unto us both he did foretell
 According to our dreams it so befell
 Me he restor'd unto my former place,
 But him he hang'd, and so it came to passe.

He had not fully ended, when as one
 Quick in obedience covets to be gone
 Ere he knowes half his errand, *Pharoh* so
 Would ere whether or for whom he know,
 But now the tale is ended, when in hast,
 He calls a messenger that comes as fast.
 He sends him to the prison out of hand
 And thinks the time long whilst he gave command.
 The post upon the wings of speed doth fly,
 And come, calls out for *Joseph* hastily.
 Now the delay is his, here lies the sport,
 Hee'l shave and shift himself ere come to Court
 And all into a comely order bring,
 May make him fit to stand before the King :
 'Twas a good omen sure, a lucky signe
 Which did his future Courtiership divine:
 That he so much of sprukenesse then bethought him
 When news of freedom from the King was brought
 (him. Who

Who the mean while impatient of delay,
Begins to wonder at the pris'ners stay ;
But now's appeas'd Joseph by this is there
And Pharaoh bent to speak as he to heare.

*I dreampt a dream, and here is none that can
Interpret it, but I have heard, young man,
Of thee as one that is well seen and wise,
In knowledge of such hidden mysteries.*

To whom with a submissive bending knee,
Joseph replyes, 'tis not ô King in me :
But God shall give to thy joyes increase,
By his poor servant a reply of peace.

Pleas'd with his gracfull modesty the King
Reviews his ingenious face as promising,
As to our Harvest hopes when one espies
The setting Sun with rednesse leave the Skies.
And with this answer cheer'd he now thinks long
To hear more comfort from so sweet a tongue,

Pharohs dream. *And therefore thus: When as me thought I stood,
Upon the rivers bank behold seven good,
Fat, and wel-favor'd kine, from thence did rise,
And graz'd i'th medow, but whilst my pleas'd eyes
Viend their broad back that did with smoothnesse shine,
The troubled waters sent seven other kine
So poor, lean fleshed; as I never ey'd
Meer bare anatomies cover'd with a hide,
There's none in Egypt such, I took them sent
As foyles the others goodnesse to present
By their deformities, for neer till now
Did I observe such beauty in a Cow
As in the other seven, on whom they set
And cleand devour'd, but ne're the fatter yet.*

Me-

Me thought in killing them the ugly beasts
Look't like so many death in their arrests,
But in devouring they resemblance have
To the infatiate and unfruitfull grave.

*Which having seen, my labouring fancy broak,
Sleep left my wearied eyes, and I awoak,
But whilst my thoughts were fixt upon this theam,
I slept again, and dreamp't another dream.*

*And then behold there came into my view
A sprouting stalk, wherin sev'n ears there grew
Good, rank, and full of corn, but whilst I hung
My eyes on that fair object, lo there sprung
Close to those ears sev'n others, thinne, and pin'd,
Wither'd, and blasted by the Eastern wind.
And these devour'd, the swoln fruitburnd ears
Whilst yet no change at all in them appears:
All this have I to the Magicians told,
But none the hidden meaning can unfold.*

God hath to Pharoah his entents made known
Then answer'd Ioseph, Pharoah's dream is one.
For by the seven good kine, sev'n yeers are shewn,
So by the sev'n good ears, the dream is one.
And the sev'n leaner kine, and empty ears
That came up after, are sev'n other yeers.
The first being good, and full, betoken plenty,
But famine's threatned in the leane, and cmpty.
The thing that I have spoken to the King
Not I, but God hath spoken, and shall bring
Shortly to passe, sev'n yeares of plenty shall
Crown all your harvest hopes ev'n throughout all
The fruitfull Land of Egypt, after then
In vain the labour of the husband-men

Pharoahs
Second
dreame.

Inter-
preted.

Shall till the earth, whereon no corn shall stand,
 Plenty shall be forgotten in the land.
 From which, as from plow'd lands, expect no crop,
 For seven yeers famine shall consume it up,
 And for it doubled twice to Pharoah was,
 Tis establisht, and shall shortly come to passe,
 God hath establisht it, let Pharoah then
 Throughout his territories find a man,
 Wise, and discreet, and let it be his care
 To see that officers appointed are
 To take the fift part up, throughout the land,
 And lay the corn all under Pharohs hand.
 And let the Cities be well stor'd with food,
 By the neighbouring countrey whilst the yeers are good,
 Since God the bad ensuing hath declar'd
 Let not the famine find us unprepar'd.
 But so let Pharoah gainst those barren yeers
 Provide, that not a soul may perish heer,
 For want : let forrain Lands the better fate
 By us, and owe their safeties to our care.
 Heer Ioseph ends, and lo the thing seem'd good
 In Pharoah's eyes, and in their eyes that stood
 About him, to whom thus the King began.
 Is there in all the Land a fitter man?
 To whom Gods Spirit shew's such hidden things,
 He keeps Gods secrets, and is fit for Kings.
 Then turning him about to Ioseph said,
 Since of thee God hath' bove all others made
 His choice, these holy counsels to disclose
 That proves thee fittest, I have therefore chose
 Thee as the only man, discreet, and wise,
 To do according to thine own advice.

Thou

Thou shalt be o're my house, what thou thinkst fit,
 Shall be my peoples law, who unto it
 Shall yeeld obedience, great as is mine own
 Shall thy command in Egypt be, i'th' throne
 Ile only be above, the voyce is thine
 Of power, the eyes of Majesty be mine.
 Now have I set thee over all my Land,
 Witnesse this Ring, which taking from his hand
 He put on Iosephi's finger, and array'd
 Him in rich vesture of fine linnen made,
 Such as the Egyptian Princes wore of old,
 And on his neck he put a chain of gold.
 Then in his second chariot made him ride
 Whilst bow the knee before him, people cry'de:
 For Ruler he, ore all the Land doth make him,
 Which to confirme he turn'd, and thus bespak him.
 'Tis I am Pharoah; nor without thee shall
 A man lift up his hand or foot through all
 My Realme of Egypt, then to crown his life
 With true content, he fits him with a wife,
 Fair Asenath, a goodly prize alone,
 She was Potipherahs daughter, Priest of Un.

Thus Ioseph's rais'd unto the height of powre,
 In shorter space, then the quick springing flow're,
 That asks but one nights growth, he that of late
 Wayl'd in a dungeon, sits a chair of State,
 Oh what a bounteous King found he to do it!
 Nay, what a bounteous God that mov'd him to it!
 Then think on Ioseph's case what ere thou be,
 Dispair not, art in prison? so was he,
 Perhaps thou'l say, thou hast no skill in dreams,
 No revelations, God hath other means.

Doubt not his power, nor providence, he can
 That hath created all, sure helpe a man (poore,
 More wayes than one : dost thou complaine th'art
 And suffer'st want ? *Job* surely suffred more.
 Doe crosses vex thee? or afflictions rod
 Torment thy soule? have patience still in God :
 Wayt on, pray to, trust in him, onely he
 Can cure, and cleanse, and easeth thy malady.
 Do'st strive with strong temptations, to him then
 God cast seven divels out of *Magdalen*:
 Art sicke, or sinfull? pray'r a cure did winne
 For *Hezekiah*'s sore, and *David*'s sinne.
 Perchance th'ast trusted, praid, and waited long;
 Looke backe to *Ioseph*, he was sure but young
 When first he tasted sorrow, vext between
 Bondage, Lust, Prisons, and his Brethrens spleen :
 Ev'n from his very cradle, yet he stayd,
 He waited long with patience, long he prayd
Ere comfort came; for loe when he appears
Before the King, his age was thirty yeers;
Out of whose presence, to his charge he went,
And overseers throughout Ægypt sent
In the seven plenteous, whilist all their grounds
Brought forth by handfuls, ev'ry place abounds
With goodly crops, the sight whereof began
To cheer the Clowne, and glad the Husbandman.
They ply their trust, their labours never cease
To treasure up the fruitfull earths increase.
Me thinks I see them, like the busie swarme,
When their commander hums, and gives th'alarme :
They issue forth, and their dispersed powre
Coasts every field, and light on ev'ry flowre,

To

To make their sweet extractions, and they strive
Who shall unlade him oftnest at the hive :
They fill their bags, and gladly homewards flye
With pleasant burdens in their painfull thigh:
Onely this diffrence makes 'twixt them and these,
The gatherers went not murmuring as the Bees.
But with their silent paces all along

Pro. 30.

25.

They trudge like Ants, a people wise, not strong,
Preventing want in plenty, with their paine,
So each of these came laden home with graine.
They glean'd apace, whilst corn like sads they found,
And stor'd the Cities frō the neighbouring ground :
Th'y have gathred much, the Granaries are fild
With all th'abundance which the land doth yeeld.

Ægypt is now provided 'gainst her fears,
Should all the world besiege her for seven years;
Were they wal'd strong enough, it were no doubt
But they'd by that, starve the besiegers out.

His workenow ending, Ioseph takes his rest,
And with two sonnes, is ere the famine blest,
Two goodly sonnes, whiche Asenath the fayre,
Vn's Priest and Princes daughter to him bare :
The firſt he call'd Manasseh, for he ſaid,
God of my toyle hath me forgetfull made,
Past in my Fathers house: the ſecond he
Nam'd Ephraim, for God hath caused me
Here to be fruitfull, whither I was ſent,
As the place for my affliction meant.

But now the time is come that muſt attone
The dreams with their interpretation :
Now Pharoh findes that Iosephs words are true,
The good years gone and past, and bad ensue :

*Egypt expects, and now the time appears
The full are swallowed by the blasted ears.
Pin'd, famine from all lands comes flocking thither,
And from all countries men come flocking with her.
Egypt alone hath bread, yet some of those
That were ill husbands, or that did repose
No trust in Ioseph's words, by this halfe dead
For their late unbelief, cry out for bread.
But still to Pharoh when the people cry'de,
They were to Ioseph sent to be supply'de.
What he shall bid you do, to him they went,
Who sold them corn, when all their store was spent.
The granaries he set ope, for there was dearth
And famine ore the face of all the earth,
Nay, now in Egypts selfe it waxed sore,
Till he supply'd their daily wants with more,
It rag'd in all lands and all Countries came
Thither for corn, and ask for Ioseph's name.*

THE
STEWARD:

OR,
The fifth Chapter of Joseph.

G E N. 42.

To Ioseph from all Countries come
Th' inhabitants for food mongst whom
His brethren came plagued with the dearth,
To him as Steward of the earth,
For by him are all Nations fed
Egypt alone abounds in bread.
Blest with his care, which none denies,
Save them, he challenged for spies.
To prove their trust, they must agen
Returning bring young Benjamin.
Simeon mean-while in hold remains,
And they releas'd go home with grain.

Like that mysterious Book the Angell gave
To John, are worldlings fond delights, they
A smack of pleasure which affects the (have
At first, but ends in bitter penitence. (fence

He

Prov. 5. The whore hath honied lips, her perfum'd breath
3,4,5. Utters words smooth as oyle, but unto death
 Her feet make haste, her steps to hell doe tend,
 Sharpnesse and bitterness are in her end.

Such in all earthly pleasures, they whose mindes
 Swell with vaine-glory, or whom Mammon blinds,
 The god of this world, that they thinke to be,
 In riches onely true felicity;

Dan. 2. Like the forgotten dreame of *Babels* King,
 (Which did confusion to the Sages bring)
 A head of gold, a breast of silver, they,
 With thighs of brasse may have, but feet of clay.
 Their glory, riches, joy es, wherein they trust,
 Being past away, their end shall be in dust.

The world like a fond Mother is, and smiles
 Upon her own, whom she a time beguiles.
 With pleasures, fading like her selfe, (for she
 That hath not, cannot give eternity
 To them) whose first, and better dayes being past,
 Must grieve the rest, and thinke upon their last.

God like a gratiouſ Father, but austere ;
 First, by corrections teacheth his to feare,
 And to be humble, which being taught them, he
 I'th end rewardeth their humility
Job 1. With choicer blessings, *Job* he first did try,
 By taking of his wealth, his misery
 Increas'd by sore diseases, soule, and ſenſe,
 Vext to the utmost of his patience.

Abram from God receives a ſtrict command
Gen. 22. To ſacrifice his Sonne; with his own hand
 2. To kill his Childe, having as yet but one.
Jacob an heyr to his affliction,

Hath

Hath lost his best lov'd boy: Gods blessings here
T' his children, diffrent from the worlds appear;
Whilst heers a little time, the world doth blesse,
Their end is crownd with endlesse happinesse.

Nor doth the God of earth and heaven give
Us onely future hopes, but whilst we live,
Feeds us with daily blessings: *Job* increas't
In wealth; againe, is richest of the East.

Job 42.

Nor doth good *Abram* like contentment lacke,
Isack is with a blessing giv'n him backe:
And *Jacob* shall, the dayes are now begun,
Finde to the safeguard of his life, his Sonne.

Gen. 22.
20.

The generall dearth that through all nations ran,
Hath shwon his lean alpeet in *Canaan*;
And pinch'd the holy Patriarks: ten are sent
Of Iosephs brethren, all their store being spent,
For new supplyes of corne, for it was sed,
That onely Ægypt did abound in bread.

Forwards they let, now the first motion stirres,
And they prove *Iosephs* best Interpreters.
The time is come, the sheaves begin to bendl,
Ten of the starres already doe descend,
The rest must follow: *Jacob* now shall see
His rays'd Sonne, and his sleeping prophecy:
And he to whom so many dreames were known,
God now declares, and brings to passe his own.
For loe his brethren that were come before him,
Bowing their faces to the earth, adore him.
He's put in minde of's vision, at first view,
Though none of them knew him, yet them he knew:
And this gives me more wonder then their change,
His strange remembrance, their oblivion strange.

G

It

It is not commonly the poore forgot,
To claime alliance from their friends grown great.
Nor is't the usuall way o'th world, that men
Of rising fortune should remember then
Their meane, though neerest kinne, & much the lesse
To be expected, comming in distresse.
Looke on their natures, and there sure should be
Between them some prompting antipathy
Should make them know, however high estated,
So great an eye-sore *Ioseph* whom they hated.
Who on the other side, as soone as spide them,
(Nor was his memory malice) he descride them.
He found them as he left them, but their eyes
Were doubtlesse dazl'd with his dignities:
Whilst no revenge, (therefore let none mistake him)
Did so quick fighted, but his meeknesse make him:
He meant no harme unto them, though he spoke
In a sharpe key, and with a rougher looke,
Askes whence they came, when hunably one replies,
From Canaan, to buy corne; he calls them spyes.
Canaan upon a fruitfull soyle doth stand,
Flowing with milke and honey: Yee our land
Are come to pry into, to what distresse
Famine hath brought it, and what nakednesse.
When trembling, with one sudden voyce they cry,
Thy servants true men are, and come to buy
Food for our aged Father, we were borne
All one mans sonnes, and hither come for corne;
Our alter'd soyle doth not afford us graine;
Twice hath the reaper lookt for worke in vaine.
Twich have the Plowmans toyle and seed inhum'd
Untimely frosts, unkindely heats consum'd.

Our store is spent, nor have we hope to live,
Unlesse your goodnesse do our wants relieve.

Still *Ioseph*, who but what he knew did heare,
Chang'd not his noat, but bids obserue their feare,
Their trébling joynts, faint voyce, & down-cast eys,
True signes of guilt, discovered them for spyes.
They know not how to look, nor what to say:
Their postures, ev'ry thing seem'd to betray
Them to his jealous fury: if they muse
Or whisper, then they'r forging an excuse;
If they be silent, that their guilt implices;
Their boldnesse impudence, their language lyes.
Yet still considering that no such they were
As he suspected them, they persevere
More confident as in their tale begun.

*They were twelve brethren, and the yongest sonne
Their aged Fathers fondnesse did detaine
At home with him: the twelfth alas was slaine,
By what mischance unknowne: they stonely stand
Vpon't, they came not to descry the land.
Their honest errand serv'd not to disguise
So bad intents: but still I call'd you spyes,
Answer'd the subtile *Ioseph*; thus you shall
Prove my surmises vain: choose one of all
That may goe up with a supply of graine,
The rest with me in prison shall remaine.
Tee shall not hence by Pharohs life I sweare,
Vntill I see your yongest brother here.
This is the way to prove my doubts untrue,
And whether there be any trust in you.
Let one then fetch him, here your safety lyes,
For by the life of Pharaoh, else y'are spyes.*

At this with feare and trouble sore dismaid,
 Not knowing what to say, they nothing said.
 But as they musing on each other star'd,
 Ioseph for three dayes put them all in ward :
 Then calling them before him, they appeare,
 He bids doe this and live, for loe I feare
 God; and if as ye say, ye true men be,
 Let of your brethren, one stay here with me;
 The rest goe home in peace, with good supply,
 To stave off famine from your family :
 But see your yongest brothers presence prove
 Your truth returning, so no hand shall move
 Against your lives, or safeties, or withstand
 Your peacefull traffique with us in the land.

This said, when seeing no way to prevent,
 Of sad necessity they were content.
 Yet with their captive brother, ere they goe,
 They take a little time to went their mae.
 Guilt surely hangs upon us, and our God
 That saw our sinne, now threatneth with the rod
 Of vengeance, timely had our griefe bin spent,
 Ere we our hamelesse brother, hither sent.
 We turn'd him pittilesse, and deafned eares,
 When he in anguish of his soule, and teares,
 Gently besought us, but alas, too late,
 We nere repented us of our cursed hate,
 Whence all these mischieves their beginnings take :
 We justly punish't are for Iosephs sake.
 For Agypt, ev'n the place where we him sent,
 God hath ordained for our punishment.
 Alas cryes Ruben, had you bin so wise,
 As i' have given any care to my advice,

This

This had not bin, when I with language milde,
Disswaded you from sinning' gainst the childe;
But following then your rash and furious mood,
Behold th' event, God hath requir'd his blood.
Little thought they that Ioseph was so neare,
The other party to these presents there.
For he dealt subtly with them, and as one
That makes himselfe the slye companion
Of theves, or traytors, or perchance would be
More satisfide in some home jealousie.
He fains long deafnesse, or it may be, can
Translate his tone, like some outlandish man.
Meane while securely they their mischiefes vent,
And hee's made privy to their close intent.
As farre deceiv'd here, Iosephs brethren were,
He spake no word but by Interpreter,
At all unto them, and much did seeme
A stranger to their language, as to them.
Now he hath halfe his plot, and well content,
Freely forgives them, whom he sees repent.
And in true token, he beginnes
With teares to helpe them to bewayle their sinnes.
He weepes, returnes, and then as if he thought
'Twas not enough they see and wayle their fault,
As doth the grave Confessor use to doe;
He means to put them to some pannance too.
For having kept them three dayes in distresse,
Their comp'ny he dispart, by one made lesse.
For Symeon before their eyes he sent
Bound backe againe to close imprisonment.
Yet sure, this punishing of them did prove
The truth of his forgivenesse, and his love,

As did his acts of love in kindnesse meant,
 Appear to them a kind of punishment.
 For having given command that each mans sack
 Be fil'd, and each mans coin restored back
 In their sacks mouths: and likewise that they may
 Be furnish'd with provision for their way.
 Forwards they set though with an heavy pace
 Clogg'd with their grief, and lamentable case.
 Sure tedious are their steps, who cannot stir
 But sorrow is their fellow travellour.
 Sore griev'd in heart their journey they begun
 At their first lighting is confusion.

*For Ruben, that for provender unbinds
 His sack the money in the mouth of't finds.*

And as the clown that doth through meadows passe
 Espying some glorious colours in the grasse,
 Stoops down to reach them, being in hope to take:
 A goodly prize, when lo, he clasps a Snake.
 As pale as he was *Ruben*, when he saw
 His coyn in the sacks mouth he doth withdraw
 His trembling hand, and in as great a feare
 As had he met the God of money there.
*See here my coynes restor'd! cryes he, some train
 Tis for our lives, and we shall all be slain.*

As in a field of standing corn we find
 One end being shaken by the whisking wind,
 Those which receive the gust, declining fall
 Upon their neighbours, till clean thorough all
 Quivering runs; like to those troubled ears,
 They shaken are with one anothers fears.

Oh most unusuall fright, For were not it
 Uought by Antiquity, and holy Writ,

Who

Who would in these our times of God ador'd
Believe their fear : to see their gold restor'd.
Had *Achan's* heart upon th' accursed touch
Of the forbidden gold, faild; half so much,
Had his Fore-father's fears upon him fell
T'had sav'd a family in *Israel*?
He fear'd not punishment, but it appears
That they, alas ! were punisht with their feares,
'Twas all God us'd as the correction mild,
Of a good father to a loved child.
And twas enough for he bnt shakes the rod,
And strait they fear, but 'twas the fear of God.
Alas ! what ist that God hath done they cry
Vnto his servants: in this extasie,
They hom return to Canaan, and their tell
Vnto their father all that them befell,
Saying, the man that is their Lord bespake us
In a rough language, and for spies did take us.
When sorely troubled we, in humble wise
Answer'd, thy servants true men are, not spies,
We of one aged father were begot,
And were twelve brethren, whereof one is not.
The youngest as the comfort of his dayes
At home in Canaan with our father stayes :
Whcreat the Lord unsatisfide replyes
Thus shall your crush be prov'd to me, arise,
Prevent your honshold famine and be gone
With food sufficient for you, leave bnt one
Behind, but see that your return bring heer
Your younger brother so shall it appear,
You true men are, not spies, then Ile restore
Your now detained brother, not before.

And

And if to tryall of your truth you'l stand,
 Do this and traffique with us in the Land,
Jacob as yet stands mute, while they go on
 Emptying their sacks of their provision.
 But when their money with their corn appears
 They start, not having yet o'recome their fears:
 And lo this object, nothing lesse dismaid,
 The sonnes, then now the sirc, they're all affraid.

Then *Jacob* first the silence break, as one
 That in the grief challeng'd chief portion.
 He for his childrens losse, felt greatest smart
 Which thus breaks forth, in agony of heart.
How hath your malice of my sonnes bereft me
Ioseph is not, nor Simeon is not left me.
Poor Benjamin you practice to betray,
And with him take my souls delight away.
All these things are against me, heer he staid
 And gave his grief some vent: when *Ruben* said
 Tis a hard strait, we must for famine die,
 Or bring our brethren in this jeopardie.
Yet let not Israel fear: let him but give
The Child into my hands, and we shall live
Let me ensure his life, and if he runnes
In any hazard, let it to my sonnes
Be ev'n alike; his safe return again
Redeems their lives, or else let both be slain.

More spake he, but in vain, *Jacob* is loth
 For his lov'd *Benjamin*, to accept them both
 A pledge, but with a discontented frown,
He tells them flat, my sonne shall not go down
Along with you, of Ioseph I'm bereft
This, only this, is all my comfort left
And sure 'twill bring (if any harm he have)
My gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave.

THE
F R E E - M A N :

O R,

The sixth Chapter of Joseph.

G N. the 43.

Famine, that Mothers hath so kill
Their sonnes enforced, with a will
As bad, doth Israel constraine
To send his children downe againe
With Benjamin : whose sight hath wonne
Liberty for Symeon.
Who now a free man with the rest,
At Iosephs house partakes the feast.

TWas a hard choyce, David for his offence *2 Sam.*
Had; betweene famine, Warre and Pestilence. *34.*
Not better much, was this of Jacobs here,
To famish, or to part with what most deare
Was to his soule: than which, no plague could be
Of greater torment, nor the misery

H

War

Warre brings along, not death, which as the chiefe
Of humane terrors; so to dye for griete,
The worst of deaths (as doubtlesse he had done)
His life ranne equall hazard with his sonne.

Meane while, the brethren urging his consent
That *Benjamin* might goe, are discontent,
Doubly to be refus'd, it did appeare
First, in his Fathers eye, that he more deare
Was held than they; the ancient cause that bred
Their hate to *Ioseph*, he inherited
As next of kinne: yet hence their ire did grow
On better grounds, their brother might not goe,
Though to save all their lives: in their distresse
Their of-spring murmur'd in the wildernesse,
Not more 'gainst *Moses*, then (their corn neer spent)
They 'gainst their Syre, who when he would have
Them down again: thus *Iudah* makes reply: (sent
The man protested to us solemnly,
To bring our brother, as we hop'd for grace
Or favour, else we must not see his face.
So if you'l send him with us, well and good,
We also will goe downe, and buy you food;
Or else we will not: for he told us plaine,
Without your brother, see me not againe.

Judges

77.

King. 6.

A shrewd Dilemma Jacob full as loath
As the rash *Iephthah* was to keepe his oath:
Or as *Samarias* stary'd Wyves, grieved in heart
To kill their sonnes for food; was he to part
With his lov'd *Benjamin*; oft they withdraw
Their trembling hands, relenting ere they blow
Their harmelisse babes, and oft they fill the skyes
With bitter exclamations, and lowd cryes.

REV

H

So

So *Jacobs* love ere he could send his sonne,
Oft chang'd his wavering resolution.
His tendernesse and reafon are at strife,
He shall not goe in perill of his life,
The one alledgedeth, t'other makes reply,
If he goe not, he must for famine dye.
Hee's now resolv'd, yet ere he let him goe,
He first takes liberty to vent his woe,
And as an angry gamester hastily,
Imputes ill fortune to the standers by :
So *Jacobs* wroth is for his losses bent
On them for ought he knew were innocent.
*Why have you dealt so ill with me, in giving
Him knowledge you had yet a brother living?*
Perhaps as desperate men at point to dye,
Thinke lesse their danger, when with company,
So you unto your fears could finde no other
Ease or excuse, but that you had a brother
Yet to pertake your suffrings, if not so,
What reason had you else to let him know?

*The man did strictly of us they replide
Aske of our state, and how we were allyde,
If w'had more brethren or a Syre alive ?
His jealousie made him inquisitive,
Whil'st in the humblest way, our fear affords
Him answer to the tenour of his words :
For how alas ! could we for truth have known
He would have bid us bring our brother downe ?*

*Then Iudah further to his father spake,
And doth in feeling manner undertake
His brothers safety, and more boldly pleads
Their generall want of bread, which intercedes*

A bad, but powerfull Advocate: O shall
 Your fonder love of one, destroy us all !
Let the Lad goe, that we some food may bring,
To save our little ones from famishing :
And if into your hands I don't resigne
Him safe, his danger, and the blame be mine.
Had we not through your scruple lingred here,
We had return'd ere this, and quit your feare.

'T hath been a common and approved saw
 Throughout the world; Necessity hath no law,
 Yet I'me assur'd no Rhetorician can
 Plead halfe so well, for could there be in man,

Till this his so necessitated tryall,
 An obstinater spirit of denyall

Than was in *Jacob*: who now yeelding, spake
 To *Iudahibus*; if t must be so, then take
 A Present of the best fruits of the land,
 And each mans money double in his hand,
 For that which was return'd, which haply might
 Have onely bin in you some oversight.

And take your brother also: rise, and goe yee,
 And God Almighty give his mercy to yee
 Before the man, that ye may bring agen
 Your other Brother, and my Benjamin:
 For of my children, if I be bereav'd,
 I am beeav'd. Here stopt he, they receiv'd
 Their charge with gladnes: cheerful now they went
 Without reply, their Father being content
 To send their brother with them, whom they hold
 A safeguard better, then the coyne twice told
 They brought along their honey, nor their spice,
 Their mirrie, nor was their pretious Balm the price
 Of

Of Simeons ransome : nothing else could be
A witnessc 'gainst the Rulers jealousy,
Save Benjamin alone, 'gainst Jacobs love
Iudah prevayles, when *Ruben* canot move,
Though better minded : as it doth appear
By his first proffer of a pledge so dear
As were his two sonnes lives, which *Jacob* takes
Of *Judah*, but at *Rubens* hands forsakes.
R^eture must grieve, him thus to be denide,
That labour'd most against the fraticide,
And sale, th' imputed cause of all their wo:
But 'tis no matter ; so their brother go,
Whose happier tongue perswades; for him alone
They for their peace and freedom build upon.
Now they are confident, and travell fast
As hungry men for meat, then, midst their hast
They make a sudden stop : they see the Inne,
Where when they last return'd, they'd frighted bin,
In op'ning of their sacks : they doubtfull are
Lest to their golden bait, some dang'rous snare
Be fixt; and their coyn hidden in the sack
To pick a quarrell with them comming back.
When having prov'd themselves no spies to be,
They might be charged now with theevery.
Nor seems their *Benjamin*: but as one more
(To be a bondman) then they brought before..
For him doth *Judah*'s heart misgive, his mind
Is troubled for his pledges left behind,
And for his fathers losse; and still their fear
Grows greater as to *Egypt* they draw near.
At last considering that no ill they meant,
Nor theft, nor falsehood was in their intent,

As by their brothers comming is made plaine
 And bringing double money down again.
 Clearnesse of conscience doth a while beg in
 To comfort them : when lo their ancient sinne
 Is interpos'd: me thinks, I cannot see
 Cryes one, yon Ruler, but my memory
 Afflicted is with Ioseph: all his words
 Are full of terror, and his eyes as swords
 Ev'n pierce my soule with fear : at ev'ry sight
 Of him I tremble : so his looks affright,
 As had our brothers wronged ghost possest
 His brow, infusing vengeance in his brest.
 The same conceit troubles them all, they could
 Almost turn back : but hunger makes them bould,
 So that a little ha'ing o'recome their fear,
 Once more before the Ruler they appear.

1.54.25 As the hot wroth of *David* at the sight
 And soft perswasion o' th' fair Carmelite,
 Melted away, when churlish *Nabal*'s life
 Was spar'd for the sweet carriage of his wife,
 So *Ioseph*'s garbe is alt'red when he sees
 Lov'd *Benjamin*, no shape of cruelties
 Can then usurpe his brows : he bids prepare
 For now his brethren all invited are
 To feast with him at noon, yet still their fear
 Misconsters kindnesse, sure some plot is there
 They yet suspect, and as they thought before
 Danger ith' coyn restor'd, now dread they more
 In this invitement, therefore to preyent
 (What they much doubted by this love was meant)
 Bondage : they to the Steward drawing neer
 Relate their story, so in hope to clear
 And

And purge themselves from guilt of all offence
That might the anger of his Lord incite,
And tending double mony, they deny
All knowledge by what means it came to lye
In their sacks mouths : when he that well did know
His masters mind, put on a fained show
Of wonder and saluting them with peace,
Tells them their Fathers God gave that increase
And treasure in their sacks; then going on
To Ioseph's house, he brings forth Simeon
They all are kindly us'd, as doth appear,
Their feet are wash'd, their beasts have provender,
Two signes of welcome; yet amidst their Feasts
They wanted some contentment of their beasts.
The silly jades seeing their racks stuff with meat
Better then Canaan us'd them to, they eat
Dreadlesse of worse event, when lo a fear
Attends their masters trenchers, drawing neere
To Iosephs table, they observe the noats
Of the wise King, their knives are at their throats. *Pron. 23*
But now they find their entertainment free,
Their brother *Simeon* too, at liberty,
Their present well accepted, *Ioseph* kind,
Questions their welfare, satisfies his mind
With news of *Jacobs* health : but when he sees
Young Benjamin strange loving extasies
Possesse him : now with hands imposed on
Him cryes he, God be gracious to my sonne :
His bowels yearn, natures strong sympathy
Works out his melting heart into his eye.
This was excesse of joy, that when he came
From his leath'd prison was not sure the fame.

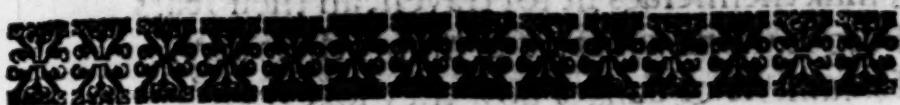
We

We read that then his face but once he clears,
Which now twice wash'd in water is and tears.
He spake them fair, whilst they as he foresaid
With lowly reverence, their obeysance made.
Much kindness past, Ioseph'st would seem intends
For his late churlishnesse to make amends.

His servants he commands to set on bread,
Now are three tables with all plenty spread,
One for the Hebrews, one a board of state,
Where Ioseph all alone in's glory sate,
One for th' Egyptians, who to eat refuse
As an abomination with the Jews.

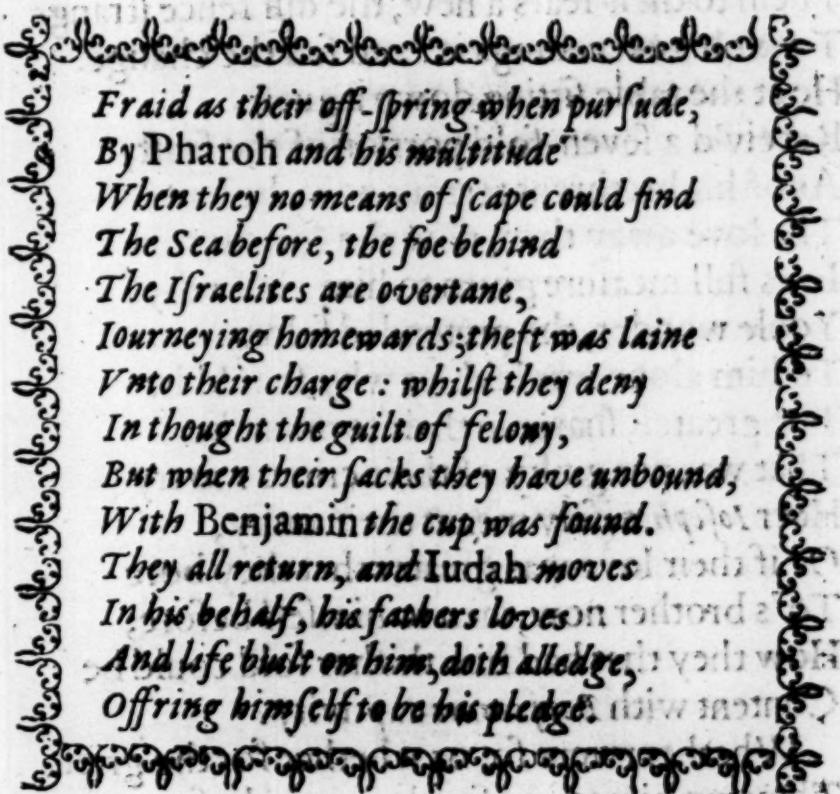
The brethren sat in order, to their birth,
And to their youth, the place was fill'd with mirth,
But Benjamin the best beloved guest,
Had his meate seven times bigger then the rest.

The



THE
PLEDGE:
OR,
The seventh Chapter of Joseph.

GEN. 44.



The Feast is ended: they with joy repleat (meat)
(Their hearts welcheer'd with welcom & good

I

Think

10

Think them selues fit for travell, all their fears
 Forget, nepe whiners in bakers others ears.
 Dreadlesse of danger now they take their leaves
 Lowly submissive, like the bowing sheaves.
 And part to lade their beasts : while Iolephs's brain,
 Is plotting how to bring them back again.
 In every sack the standard must restore
 Again their moneyes as he did before.

But Benjamin, as was his share i' th' feast
 His sack few' times more silver then the rest
 Is chardg'd with all : for there they had conveyd
 The Rulers silver Goblet, which betray'd
 Them to their fears a new, the diff'rence strange
 Twixt his exceedings is : and sad the change.
 He at the table sitting down a guest
 Receiv'd a seven-fold portion of the feast,
 As of his brethrens terror now, he bare
 The love away then, now the sorrows are
 In as full measure given to him : but why,
 Youle wonder, the pretended felony
 To him alone was laid, or why should he
 The greatest sharer in their torment be
 That was not guilty of their crime ? to try
 Heer Joseph wifely meant their amity,
 Or if their love was greater that they bore
 To's brother now, then to himself before ;
 How they that had him shither sold could be
 Content with Benjamin captivity.

Whether twere so, or whether for the grief
 They put him to, or for their unbelief
 He meant this purgatory, the same pains
 Of sume, that shent are faign'd to purge the stains

Theod..

9.105.

in Gen.

Of bad mens lives afflicts them, their offence
Graws them with the same worme of conscience.
For still as oft as they have cause to fear
Poor *Joseph* is remembred with a tear
And still he gives them cause, a punishment
As great, as just revenge could ere invent,
Is such a fear, the quintessence and chief
Of woe, the very soule and sente of grief.
The plagues of Hell are horrour, and mans fear
Is a perspective through which seen appear,
All dangers greater, death it self tis clear
Brings no more tetrour with it then our fear.

Torment of mercy ! thus our maker proves
His childrens patience, vexing whom he loves,
As *Joseph* did his brethren ; who the day
Of their departure break, now take their way
Towards Canan with their loads : scarce had they past
The City walls : when lo in all post hast
Their friend the steward or takes them with a face
Bewraying choller, bids them slack their pace.

They in obedience answer'd him, and stood
Whilst he, why have you thus paid ill for good
Eagerly charg'd them : ist not that (quoth he)
The cup he drinks in, 'tis a robbery
Most sacrilegious (not to be excus'd).
It was the same he in divining us'd.
I'll have yee done : alas ! what could they say
What could they think, when he that yesterday
Us'd them so well, should to their charge impute
Theft now ; and make a slander his salut.

Lo here an Embleme of man's life ! their fears
Give way to comfort, and anon appears

Greg. ho.
22. in
Ezek,

Mas. 5.4 New cause of trembling: joy succeedeth sadness,
And unto them that grieve, is promis'd gladness.
Possest with wonder, now their looks descry.

1. Kings. Them like good *Naboth*, charg'd with blasphemy.

21. *Why, saith my Lord, these words? our God forbid,*

We ere should do this thing: the money hid

In our sacks mouth from Canaan we brought back:

How should we then, or gold, or silver take

By stealth from thy Lords house? so let it be

With whom soe're of us 'tis found, that he

May die the death, and we do all accord

To yeeld our selves as prisoners to thy Lord:

The motion's good, right did his purpose speed

That well knew where 'twas laid; and soon agreed,

Only the man with whom tis found shall be.

My servant: all the rest of you go free.

All parties are well pleas'd, when not afraid

But full as confident of what they said,

2. Sa. 12. As *David* answering *Nathan*: or that wretch

That made of councell' gainst himself did teach

Heftir 6. His foes preferment: *speedily they take*

Their sacks down to the ground, and make

A busie search, with th' eldest they begin

And end where it was found with Benjamin.

Who blusht, though not for guilt, his face the same.

Was as his brothers contirred by his dame.

So look'd they all as the stones rol'd away

The five Kings hid ith' cave of *Mackedah*,

Beheld the victor: shame oftheir disgrace.

Sits heavy on their brow, and burns their face

They plead not guilty: and as if they meant

To shew their hearts how true they were, they rent

Their

Their cloaths to their bare breasts: but 'tis no season
To vent their passions, now, they yeeld to reason,
How to redeem their brother, each mans sack
Burthens his Asse, and all to town go back.

By this is Iudah and his brethren come
To Iosephs house, (for he was yet at home)
Before him to the ground they fall, when he
As one unkindely dealt with: why have ye
Thus us'd me asks? or what is this y' have done
In recompence of my affection?
Had you a hope you might escape me so,
Or could you be so ignorant not to know
I could divine? what answer have you left?
Or may so vilde and impudent a theft
Finde an excuse? or have you yet the face
To uile denyall in so plaine a case?
Iudah replyes, (my Lord) what can we say?
What shall we speake? how may we wipe away
This guilt? (and then as men in feare confesse
More then they know, so they seeing no redresse
In justifying of themselves, they yeeld
To the apparant proofes) God hath reveald
Th'iniquity of thy servants; we are bound
Thy servants, we, and he with whom twas found.
Nay, God forbid, saith Ioseph, onely he
With whom the Cup was found, is bound to me;
With you I've nought to doe, you fears may cease,
You to your Father may returne in peace.

Mercy is that whereby Gods goodnessse bends
To humane conference; God by that extends
Mans boldnesse to sollicit him, and so
As Abraham, when God gracious made him know

Counsels divine, and the allotted fate
 Gen. 8. Of cursed Sodome, growes importunate.
 In like sort Iudah at the soft reply
 Of milder Ioseph, courage takes thereby :
 His case addes boldnesse too, for's brothers sake,
 His Fathers, and his sonnes lives, all at stake:
My Lord (saith he) and freely drawing necre,
Craves leave to tell his story in his care.

Prov. The wise Proverbialist compares the ire
 Of moved Kings, to a consuming fire.

No lesse did Iudah take it for, oh thou
That eu'n as Pharoah art! ah let nos now
Thine anger burne against thy servants! we
When we last came were asked, have not yee
A Father, or a Brother? when in briefe,
We told the truth of all (alas the grieve !)
We said we had a Father, whose gray head
Was by a tender stripling comforted :
The sonne of his old age; and this alone
Did make him youthfull; having now but one,
(Endeared him the more) of his loved Mother,
This the sole relict, having lost his brother:
Thou badst thy servants bring him downe to thee,
That thou might' st see him, when (my Lord) said we ,
He may not leave his Father, should they part,
It were enough to breake the old mans heart.
Still layd' st thou thy commands, to see thy face
No more, unlesse our brother were in place.
So to our Father we delivered plaine
Thy words, and when he bad us goe againe
To buy a little food, we let him know,
Without our brother, that we could not goe.

To which thy servants, the old men say,
Ye know my wife bare me two sonnes, one dyde,
He went out from me, but returned no more,
Some beast I therefore said, in pieces sore
That comfort from me, if you therefore take
His brother too, and any barme o'retake
The Lad, 'twill bring (but heav'n him shield and save,)
My gray hayres downe with sorrow to the grave.

I hose twayne his ages play-fellowes, as deare
And pretious to him as his eye-bals were :
Whereof one gone, if t'other lose it's light,
Then is it time to bid the world good-night.
And well might Jacob love him, whom the paine
And hardest labour of his youth did gaine :
Twice seven cold winters, twice seven summers heat,
With patience he endur'd, ere he could get
Their much lov'd Mother, and as long againe
It was, ere could his prayrs and teares obtaine
This of-spring more then all their brothers priz'd
For them his faith, and works were exercis'd,
Their purchase was not by his toyle alone,
They were the fruit of his devotion.
*If we returne without him, 'twill destroy
Our Fathers life, that's bound up in the boy.
So to the grave, downe shall thy servants bring
Their Syre thy servants grey-head sorrowing.*

Thy servant surety for the Lad became
Unto my Father, mine shall be the blame
For ever if I bring him not againe,
Then let thy servant so much grace obtaine,
That I may for the Lad thy bondman be,
And he with's brethren goe, instead of me.

For how shall I goe up without the Lad?
 To be a witnessse, and spectator sad
 There of my Fathers suffrings for my sake,
 Who for the childe retarne did undertake.

The

THE
DISCOVERY:
OR,

The eighth Chapter of Joseph.

G E N. the 45.

Here like a reconciled Lover,
Joseph weeping, doth discover
In teares of kindnesse to his brother
Himselfe, unable yet to smother
His passions longer; five he brings
Of them to Court, who by the Kings
Directions, and commandement,
With Chariots are for Iacob sent.

THUS long good Joseph with an unmov'd care,
The dolstfull story of himselfe didthare
His Fathers love and teares: he that denyes
The strength of nature in her sympathies:
Had he seen Joseph here sad burthen keep,
To his grivyd fathers groanes, or heard him weep

K

For

For love to Benjamin, his error he
Had sure detected as an heresie.

Joseph a naturall sonne appeares in this,
Old Jacobs grieves are parents unto his.
So like his passions, to his Syres, I finde,
As had he with his body, got his minde.
He cannot of his Fathers sorrowes heare,
But as sad issue, it begets a teare.

ow dull were all his brethren : not to know
Him weeping now, as he was wont to doe :
He look'd as when they sold him; salt drops shrowd
The Majesty of's eyes, as when a cloud
So dimmes the radiant brightnesse of the Sunne,
That weakest sights may boldly gaze upon
His beames: what mists doe passions cast before
Our eyes : their envy did not blinde them more
From knowing of their brother, that in teares
Beg'd for his life; then now again their fears
Darken both soules and bodies, both their eyes,
Their understandings, and their memories ;
They think not what his dreams foretold, his place
Of promis'd greatnessse, nor their humble case.

Mens hearts gainst dangers oft misgive, and some
Are light before against a joy to come :
But no such motions in their hearts doe stir,
To make them know this their deliverer.

Blinde fathers of as blinde a race! whom so
Not all the Prophecies could make to know
Their deare redeemer, whom they us'd with more
Malice than did their Syres his type before.

To shew his love, Gods ever blessed Sonne
Shed teares of grieve, and of compassion :

We

We never read he smild : so *Ioseph* here
Cannot expresse his joy, but with a teare.
Both passions finde one vent, both flowing ran
From's eyes, as if they melted had the man.
So strove they for precedence, and t' o'recome
Each other, as the twins in's Grandames wombe,
Which first should issue forth, he hears with griefe
His Fathers fears and sorrows, and beliefe
Of his decease; but now o're-joy'd agen,
He weeps to see his brother *Benjamin*.
The eye is the soules index; had you seen
The Brethren plotting a revenge, their spleen
Did in their eyes appear, and you might spy
The innocence of *Ioseph* in his eye,
As here his love: could their hard hearts have so
Melted as *Iosephs*, to conceive the woe
Of their sad Father, or their bowels yearne,
And nature, spite of spleen, made them discern
Their brother, it had sav'd their present fears,
Old *Jacobs* sorrows, and good *Iosephs* tears;
Which now as Lectures are to them; and all
That disobedient, or unnaturall
Unto their Parents, or their brethren be,
Instructing them in love and piety.
The goodnesse of his nature, is a plaine
Doctrinall president, he can't refraine
Before the standers by, some drops must slide
E're he commands convenience; none abide
Now with him, but his brethren, when in tears
He makes them know their Ioseph, and appears,
How ever their demerits might him move
In his own likenesse, and a brothers love.

*He weeps alond, till all that present were
In Pharohs house, and all th' Egyptians heare.*

Kings
19.

God comforting *Elijah*, first with flame,
Strong tearing winds, & hideous storms, there came,
Ere the still voyce was heard; so if I dare
Th' immedeate actions of the Lord compare
With those he works by agents; comfort here
Came to the brethren, as t' *Elijah* there.
For after frownes, high words and cryes were past
In milder tearmes he lets them know at last
'Tis I am *Ioseph*, doth my Father live?
When loe his brethren could no answere give,
And can you blame them for it? should you see
One long deceas'd, at least so thought to be,
Appeare before you, full as much remaine
They troubled at his presence; who again
Cals them, come neer I pray you, and being come
Tells them, I am your brother Ioseph, whom
You into Agypt sold: yet doe not gricve,
Nor be you angry with your selves, beleeve
By Gods decree you sold me, I was sent
Before you to provide you nourishment,
And to preserve your lives: but two yeers past
Are of the famine, which as yet must last
Five more, in which by Gods most firme decree,
There neither earing shall, nor harvest be:
Haste therefore to my Father, say thus said
Ioseph thy sonne; God me a Lord hath made
O're Agypt, wherefore come thou downe to me,
And tarry not, so shall thy dwelling be
In Goshen, where the land is fat and good,
And for convenience in my neighbourhood.

There shall thy sonnes and thy sonnes sonnes be plac'd,
Thy numerous flocks and heards and all thou hast.
There will I nourish thee, for yet remayn
Five years of famine; lest for want of grain,
Thou and thy houſhold all the ſoules that be
Born of thy loyns ſhould come to poverty.
My brothers eyes have ſeen, ſo likewife ſee yee
It is my mouth that ſpeaks theſe words unto yee.
Tee therefore to my Father ſhall relate
The glory yee have ſeen, and all my ſtate,
In Egy pt; yee ſhall haſten and be gone
To bring my Father down unto his ſonne.

To exemplifie Gods love, the holy writ
The love of woman doth compare to it.
Which love is full of fervency, ſo this
Heer Benjamin, and he embrace, and kiffe,
And weep, and on each others necks they fall
He weeps again, and now he kiſt them all
Between theſe loves this diſference may ſuffice
That love hath melting lips, this melting eyes.
In teares they held their conference, whilſt report
Had noys'd the fame thereof through all the Court.
Tis news in Pharoh's house; and lo the thing
Pleas'd all that heard it, for it pleas'd the King.
Who thus beſpake him: to thy brethren ſay
Go lade your beaſts, get home, and bring away
Your father and your houſholds: I will give
The fat of Egypt to you, eat and live.
I have commanded you, now therefore take i
Waggons throughout the land of Egypt, make
All fit for travell, now forget your home,
Bring father, wives, and little ones, and come.

*Hasten away, regard you not your stuff,
The good of Egypt's yours, be that enough.*

So Israels children went, and Ioseph made
Waggons, and all things fit (as Pharoh bad)
For them to travell with, he cloath'd them in
New change of rayment; but to Benjamin
Three hundred pieces he of silver gave
Besides five change of rayment, much more brave
Then were the rest, and to his Father he
In this wise sent: ten Asses laden be
With the good things of Egypt, besides corn,
And bread, and meat, by ten she-asses born
To serve his Father by the way, and so
He set his brethren forth; but ere they go
He gives a peacefull caveat: bids them see
That by the way they do not disagree.

Well might he give the charge, whom once their
Left to his death, or to a worser fate: (hate
But that great Providence that rules each starre
Who gave to them their influence, whose are
All powers of Heav'n and Earth, whose firm decree
Is Natures Law, and humane destiny.
That power him serves, did not pow'r him save,
Poor Ioseph might have liv'd and dy'de a slave.
But now as men that truly did repent,
Of what they'd done, they heard his words, and went
Forth out of Egypt, and by this they gather
Neer to the land of Canaan, to their Father.
Where as the bringers of good news they striue
Which first shall make it known, Ioseph's alive,
And governs Egypt; then at large they speak
Of all his state; but Jacobs faith is weak.

As

As men to melancholly giv'n delight
In sadder tales, to feed the appetite,
Of their dull humour; so was his belief
To all things hard, that did gainsay his grief,
Now grown in him a habit: since he deem'd
This his dear *Ioseph* lost; for heer it seem'd
He thought his childrens meaning was t'abuse
Him with vain hopes; and fainteth at the news.
But then declar'd they to him Iosephs words,
And all he said unto them, this affords
Some better ground for hope; but when he sees
The waggons that were sent, as by degrees
His fainting spirit in him did revive
So his belief encreast, Ioseph's alive!
Ioseph's my sonne, it is enough; for I
Will yet go down, and see him ere I die.

The



THE MEE TING:

OR,

The ninth Chapter of Joseph.

GEN. 46.

Jacobs sacrifice and prayers,
God by night to him appears
With comfort; fearlesse he along
Journeys; seven and threescore strong
Of his own loyns begot; their meeting,
And passions of their joyfull greeting:
Ioseph his brethren doth advise,
How to the King to make replyes.

Now do the tents of *Israel* abound
With mirth and gladnes, *Ioseph* lost is found.
So the stray'd sheep which lög the shepheard
Did cheer the finder; so the womans groat : (sought,
So pleas'd our heav'nly Father is to winne
A sonne to mercy, that was lost by sinne.

Old

Old Jacob heard not with a greater joy
Rachel had made him father of a boy
Then now this news; when with a gladsome heart,
He with his sonnes, and substance did depart
Towards the land of Egypt; heretofore,
He long'd not to embrace the mother more,
Then now to kisse her sonne: yet can no hast,
No strong desire hurry him on so fast,
But to his fathers God heel make some stay
He offer'd sacrifice, when in his way
He took Beersheba; where the Lord appear'd
In visions of the night, and Jacob heard
His Name twice cald upon; he makes reply
Vnto the holy voice, lo heer am I,

So holy Abraham answer'd; so should all
Gods servants be as ready at his call.
Christs sheep do his voice, and him pursue
And'tis undoubtedly a signe most true
Of guilt, or disobedience, when wee
With Adam hide us, or with Jonas flee
When he cals on us, first at the last day
The just shall rise; and answer here are they.

They that expect good tydings, give good care,
And ready are, as Jacob was to hear
What God spake further to him; I am hee
Thy father serv'd, and I will make of thee
A mighty Nation: therfore do not fear,
Go down to Egypt, I will blesse thee there:
With thee will I go down, with thee remain
And I will also bring thee up again.
I'll blesse thee whil'st thou li'st, and when thou diest
Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes.

Gen. 32.
11.
Job. 10.
4.
Gen. 3.
19.
Jon. 1.3.

Thess. 4.

L

Hee

Heer Jacob rose with comfort, when his sonnes
 Had plac'd him with their wives and little ones
 In Pharaoh's chariots, then with all their store,
 Their goods and cattle they from Canaan bore,
 They left Beersheba, Jacob and his seed,
 His sonnes, and his sonnes sonnes, and all their breed
 A goodly progeny to Egypt came

- Gen. 17.* Where God made good the blessing of his * name,
12. He brought down with him as the text enrowls
 Of his own loyns begotten threescore souls
 And six, which were in Egypt made up ten,
 By Ioseph and his wife and children.

Had Sarab liv'd to see this fair foundation,
 Her self the root of this so forward Nation,

- Israel.* She that misdoubting smil'd, would at this sight
 So farre above her faith, have laught out-right.
 Israel is well increas'd that went but one,
 To Padan Aram, with his staffe alone,
 Returns inricht with wives, and concubines;
 Twelve hopefull sonnes begotten of his loyns
 Children, and flocks, and heards, all that his eye
 Could wish to see, a goodly progenie,
 But they by this are to so many grown
 As nature could by propagation
 Bring forth, twelve families are made of one.

Lo heer, and see with wonder the increase,
 Of them, whom God hath once begun to blesse,
 Full well deserves it, Moses for a Scribe,
 They go by families, but return by Tribes.

Yet still observe how God his word doth keep
 And what he promis'd Ioseph in his sleep,

Payes to him waking; all the sheafs must bend
The Sun, the Moon, and the 'Iev'n stars descend
To do him honour: they by this draw neer
To Egypt, Iudah is their harbinger.

*He to prepare a place doth foremost go,
And comes to Ioseph's house whom he lets know,
Their fathers neer approch, wha at the news
Sets forth to meet him: mark their interviews,
They study no set speech, their love prevents
Common salutes, and formall complements:
But like two foes, who long at deadly fewd
With zeale of hate each others lives pursude,
Now well appointed meet, their eager spight
Admits no parly to delay their fight.*

Their bloody thoughts are painted in their face
And shown with terrour in a rough embrace.

The passions differ, would I could as well
Find love enough to make a paralell:

But seldome doth that better passion move
Two friends, to such an extasie of love

As these: so shall the joyfull bodies come

To meet their blest souls in *Elizium*,

Save that such perfect happiness could ne're

Admit the badge of sorrow; we in tears

Expresse the height of gladnesse, as if 'twere

To intimate, no joy is perfect here.

As in the bodies temper it hath bin
Truly observ'd which are then most hot within
When outwardly we freeze; ev'n so we find
~~As much~~ ^{more} deceit in symptomes of the mind,
Great sorrows seldom weep, and yet appears
In the excesse of humane gladnesse, tears.

Jacob that ever since his sonne was lost
 Had us'd his eyes to nothing else, accosts
 Him with a wond'rd shewre, which from his eyes
 Dropt on his neck; he that did sympathize
 In all his father's passions can't refrain
 But pays him with as many tears again
 They breath their souls in sigh's, their kisses dry
 Their moystned cheeks; then in an extasie
 Jacob cryes out (prest with his sonnes embracce)
Nom let me die, since I have seen thy face
And thou art yet alive: So holy Paul
 In heavenly contemplation, fild with all
 Those joyes his faith presented him, desires

- Philip.* To be dissolv'd; his soule to Heav'n aspires.
 23. Or would before its time; but that kept in
 It cannot for the fleshly walls of sin,
 From whence he prayes for freedom; Jacobs thought
Rom. 7. From earth to heaven sure like his ladder wrought.
 24. As twere made mindfull by this happiness
Gen. 28. Of what unspeakable delights do blesse
 12. Good soules departed, he with Paul doth cry
 Transported with his joy, now let me die.
 Twas a good wish, he, when what most on earth
 Might glad his soule (and make him wish new birth,
 To live another age) befell, doth crave.
 A peaceable departure to his grave.
 Whence learn, no blessing may on earth be givyn
 But a good man hath better hopes in heaven.
Joseph whose passions could not else be o'recome
 Turns from his Father to his brethren, whom
 He thus belpake; I will to Pharaoh go
 To whom my fathers comming I will shew,

and

And you shall tell him that ye shepherds are,
Men that have been used up to have the care
Of Flocks and Heards, which ye along have brought
To save from famine; if he aske you ought
When ye before him come, be my words made
The sense: thus shall ye say, thy servants trade
Hath been 'bout cattell, from our youth till now:
Ours, and our Fathers; so shall be endow
You with the Land of Goshen, a good place
Free to yourselves, and to your flocks to graze
Without disturbance; yours shall be alone
The land: for an abomination
Your trade is to th' Egyptians, so shall ye
Have to your selves the fruitfull Goshen free.

The

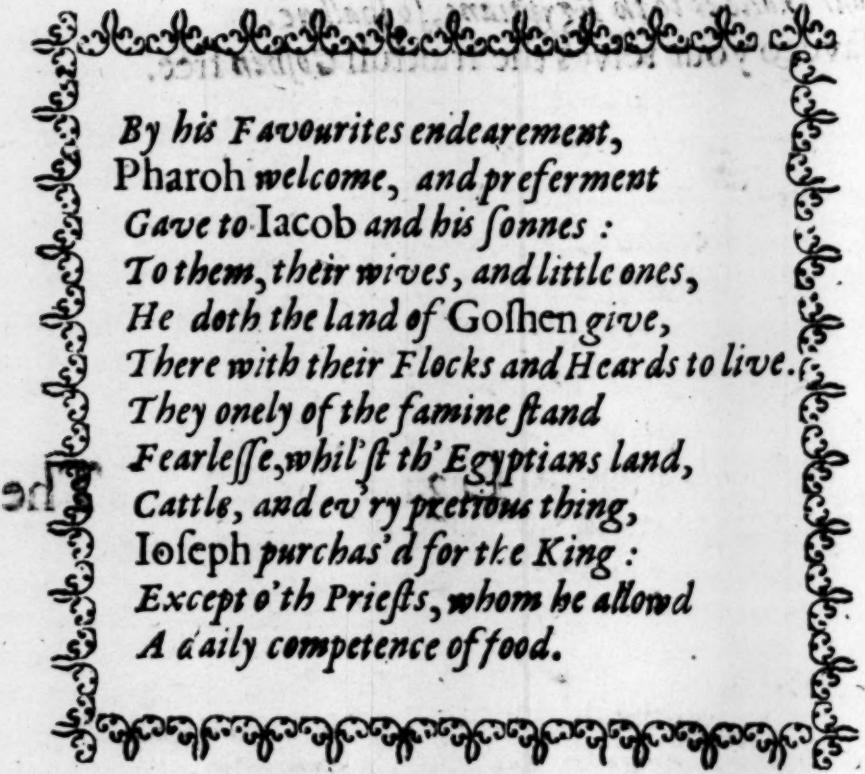
E3



THE PURCHASE:

OR,
The tenth Chapter of Joseph.

GEN. 47.



By his Favourites endearment,
 Pharaoh welcome, and preferment
 Gave to Iacob and his sonnes :
 To them, their wives, and little ones,
 He doth the land of Goshen give,
 There with their Flocks and Hards to live.
 They onely of the famine stand
 Fearlesse, whil'st th' Egyptians land,
 Cattle, and ev'ry pretious thing,
 Joseph purchas'd for the King :
 Except o'th Priests, whom he allowed
 A daily competence of food.

Magine Joseph hath by this time told
 His Fathers coming, to the King: behold

My

My Brethren with their flocks, and the old man
Our Father, are come downe from Canaan,
Driv'n thence by famine, late they did arrive
In fruitfull Goshen, here of them are five.
Then to the King he brought his brethren on,
Who questions them their occupation :
As Ioseph taught them, they their answer made,
We Shepheards are, that have bin our Fathers trade.
Time out of minde, encourag'd by the soyle,
Which like to Eden Garden, without toyle,
Yeelded content and plenty, but distrest
With famine now, seems cursed, as the rest
Of the whole earth, for our first Parents sinne.
'Tis thou alone art happy, that within
Thy realmes, men onely of Gods mercies sing
Psalmes, and not Lamentations ; Let O King !
His goodnesse teach thee pitty us, whil'st we
Thy servants and thy subjects crave to be.
We are come downe to sojorne in thy land,
Humbly desiring thou wilt give command,
We may in Goshen live. The King replyes,
Ioseph, thy Father is come downe, thine eyes
Behold the land, see where thou find'st the best,
There let thy Father and thy brethren rest :
Let them in Goshen dwell : and if there be
Amongst them, any whose activity
Surmounts their fellows, skilfull in their trade,
Let them be rulers o're my cattell made.
At first sight, good encouragement they heard,
Not onely being admitted, but prefer'd
For Iosephs sake, who now his Father brought,
And set him before Pharoh : so we ought

When

When God doth blesse us thankfull hearts to bring
 And blesse again, as Jacob blesst the King,
 Who tooke good notice of him, it appears
 By his demands, he questions him his years.
 To whom thus Jacob, in whole sober cyc
 Did reverence appear, and gravity.

The dayes and yeares of this my pilgrimage,
A hundred are and thirtie, a short age
Compar'd to that my Fathers lived in,
But few and evill, all my dayes have bin.

He first was sensible how life began

Gen. 6.3 To shorten, since God left to strive with man:
 For he the first of all to me appears,
 Complaining for the fewnesse of his yeares.
 How should we scan our lives, if Jacob doe
 Confesse his dayes but short and evill too?
 Whom God chose in the womb, who by this mother
 The blessing gat, and birth-right from his brother,
 Whom God so oft confer'd with, who did stand
 On his lam'd legge, and with a clasped hand,
 Graspt' God himselfe, and wrastling overcame,
 * *Israell.* Winning the prize, a blessing, and a name;
 If he found ill in his dayes, how shall we
 Lift up eyes, most gratiouse God to thee?
 Yet thou like Pharaohus that strangers are,
 Nay worse, thine enemies; dost not onely spare
 Succour, and cherish, but promot'st us high
 To crowne and Kingdomes of eternity.
 Grant then, O God, that for thy mercy, we
 May ever more continue prayning thee:
 As holy Jacob with a loyall heart,
 Did blessing Phareh will be did depart.

Out of his presence, and with Joseph went
Who according to the Kings commandement
Gave him and his the best part to possesse
Of Egypt, ev'n the Land of Ramaes.
Where them he plentifully stor'd and fed
According to their families with bread
Which every where was scarce; in Egypt, and
Canaan that milk and hony flowing land,
The famine rageth sore, still Pharoah blest
In Joseph is : the treasury increast
And where but titulary Kings the throne
Held heretofore, Egypt is Pharohs own.
For yet the famine lasting and the soyle
Ingratefull to the painfull husbands toylc,
Whilst flymy Nilus could not make it bear
Their purses empty as their bellies were:
Coyn was as scarce as corn, when wanting gold
For food, their horses, and their herds they sold,
Which in one consum'd to Pharoah's hands
Being masters now of nothing else, their lands
And their poor selves they do as bondmen yeild,
And every man for corn doth sell his field
Till Egypt all was Pharohs : they forsake
Their Country-houses, and themselves betake
To dwell in Cities, save the Priests alone,
To whom the Kings assign'd a portion
They therefore sold no lands: then Joseph gave
Others their ground and seed, but the fift thrave
To Pharoah's use reserv'd and this did bring
Thanks from the subject, profit to the King.

Thus the Almighty doth his servants bleſſe
Giving to all their works a good ſuccesse.

M

Joseph's

*Ioseph's the King's right hand, the people they
As much in admiration of him, say,
Tis thou hast sav'd our lives, now let us find
Grace in thy sight my Lord, so shalt thou bind,
Vs Pharohs servants, then a Law was made
By Ioseph to this day, and Pharoh had
The fift of all their corn except alone
The Priests that sold no lands, did pay him none.*

And happy *Israel* who in *Goshen* dwelt
Pleas'd with their new possessions, never felt
The force of famine, nor the plague of want
Was known among them, nothing there was scant,
Bread for the man, and fodder for the beast,
Ioseph provided them ; and they increast
For they whom God doth blesse, shall multiply
In spight of famine, or the tyranny
O'th' worst oppressors: all the harsh commands
Of t'other *Pharob*, nor the heavy hands
Of their task-masters, nor their loads laid on
Could let at all their propagation;
The hard prest *Grape* yeelds most, and so the fire
The greater load of woods it bears the higher
The flames ascend, as they o'reburnd grow
Whilst *Pharob's* hate doth but his weakness shew.
Such care had God, then, of his *Israel*,

Mat. 16
18.
Philip. 1
21.

As of his Church, 'gainst which the gates of Hell
Shall not prevayle : as death is made a gain
To them that die in Christ, whose thought is pain,
To worldlings minds, so here this plague befell
Loss to the world, but gain to *Israel*.
Who in their giv'n possessions joy'd, and there
Old Iacob with his sonnes liv'd sev'nteen yeere.

So all the days that he on earth had liven
By computation, sevenscore were and seven.
But when the time drew neere that he must die
Ioseph he call'd and underneath his thigh,
(So Abraham gave the oath) his hand did place
And said if in thy sight I have found grace,
Bury me not in Egypt, let me sleep
Amongst my Fathers bones, that who so keep
My name or theirs in memory may be
Pertakers of the self-same obsequy.
To this though Ioseph plighted had his troth,
Yet Iacob bound him further by an oath.

Those happy counted are in their decease,
Who to their fathers gather'd were in peace.
Israel made this appear, who did interre
None but good Kings in Davids sepulcher
So taught by Iacob, who in this being
Worshipt, his God, and turn'd him on his bed.

Ge. 24.2.

M 2

The

A



THE BLESSING:

OR,

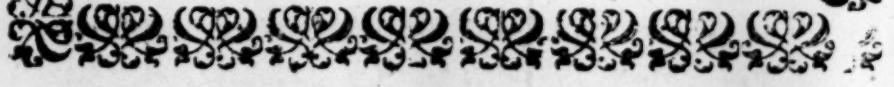
The eleventh Chapter of Joseph.

G E N. the 48.



*The thread of Iacob's life neer spun,
He blesseth Ioseph, and his sonnes.*

*Iacob was the second born
Ioseph his brethrens hate, and scorn,
Yongest of ten: yet was he bleſt,
And more beloved then the rest.
So Ephraim heer the youngest lad,
The bleſſings of the right hand had.*



A Greater love those blessings more endears
To us, which we have purchased with tears.
Hence comes it, women love those children
For whom they felt great'ſt pain: *Iacob* it cost (most
Many a zealous groan, ere he could gain
The fruit of *Rachels* wombe, and long again

He

He wayl'd that losse with teares, as from the houre
Her sonne was borne, his love it selfe did showre
More upon his, than on his brethreas head,
So for his losse he many tears ha'ing shed
For him now found, he in an extasie,
As cloy'd with earthly joy, desires to dye.
The strength of gladnes ! were the world mine own,
And I not wish it, sure the blisse were none.
But when the powres of the minde are bent
Vpon one hope as 'twere the whole content
Of mans desire; and God shall thinke it fit
To grant; no joy but heav'n is like to it.
His wish on earth was, oh had *Ioseph* liven!
And that wish granted, now he wisheth heaven,
For which he doth prepare; his mastred flesh
Yeelds to his conquering soule, which now afresh
Assaults the breach, weakenesse and age had made
In his fraile body, those old wals decaid,
His spirit's halfe got forth, and doth foresee
By faith's cleere eye, heav'ns true felicity;
Where all the fulnesse doth of knowledge dwell,
With which the Patriarch inspir'd, doth tell
His childrens following fates, and ere he dyes,
Of all that must betide them, prophecies.

But i'th meane time, conceive the news is quick,
And one brought Ioseph word, his Fathers sicke:
He therefore hastning, brings along with him
His Sonnes, Manasses, and young Ephraim.
Of whom, when Jacob heard, he rais'd his head,
Strengthning himselfe; and sat upon his bed:
** Where thus to Ioseph, he his speech began;*
God did to me appeare in Canaan,

At Luz, and blest me, promising increase
To me, and to my seed, whose fruitfulness
Shall fill the land, which for an habitation,
They shall enjoy, and grow a mighty nation.

As for thy sonnes which were in Ægypt thine,
Before I came, those I doe claime for mine.
As Ruben are, and Symeon, they shall be
Mine owne; thine after issue, all from thee
Shall take their names; and with their brethren share,
Where they in their possessions settled are.

When I from Padan came, my Rachel dyde
With me in Canaan by the bigh way side :
'Twas short of Ephrath, there I in the way
Of t phrath Bethel, her bones did lay.
But who are these said Israel? for his eyes
Were weake and dimme with age; Joseph replyes,
These are my sonnes, with whom God blest me here;
Then Jacob bade, and Joseph brought them neer
For him to blesse them, who first with a kisse,
Then clasping of their bodies close to his,
Began the blessing: In that posture Paul

- Aets 20. Rays'd Encyclus to life, who by his fall,*
9. Was doom'd to sleepe for ever else: if there
2 King. In the dead Prophets bones such vertue were,
13. 20. To raise men from their graves, what vertue is
Then in a living Patriarks holy kisse:
Or if th' Apostles gave the spirit of grace,
Where they impos'd their hands, sure this imbrace
Of a good man, some blessing brings along:
'Tis a more full expression then the tongue.
Num. 22 Differing as deeds from words. Balac must blesse
Against his will: desiring nothing lesse.

But

But *Jacobs* blessing, for its truth affords
Apparant proofes, his deeds precede his words,
Which with Gods mercies he began. I thought
Nere to have scene thy face, but God hath brought
Things to my most content, and hath decreed
I should not onely see thee, but thy seed.

Then *Ephraim* he preferd his right hand stayd
Upon his head, the left athwart was laid
On t'others, let none take offence to heare
That *Jacob* blest his sonnes, and croft them there.
Nor was't a thing of chance; but reade and see,
*He laid his hands acrossse them, * wittingly.*

*Though Ioseph on his knees, presents them quite
Contrary, and Manasses to the right
Hand offered first. So God mongst Iesses sonnes,
Chose not for face or faire proportions,
But what he saw within: he understands
All hearts, and sure he guided *Jacobs* hands.*

Who thus proceeds in blessing them, and said,
*The God from whom your Fathers never straid,
Abram, nor Isack; God that me hath fed
All my life long till now, with daily bread,
And the good Angell which such care hath had,
Me to redeeme from evills, blesse the lads;
Be they by mine and Abrams sacred name,
And Isacks cal'd the blessing of the same.*

As in *Iohns* vision, thos that stamped were,
And in their fronts the holy seale did beare,
Were sav'd from ruine, so God thos did blesse,
That bore the Name of promise with increase.

Jacob pronounc'd the blessing well: said he,
May they increase on earth, and multiply:

Vers.14

I Sam.
16.

Revel.7.

So

So God first blest the world, when time began,
Using those words to new created man.

*But Ioseph not well pleas'd that Iacob laid
His right hand on the head of Ephraim, said,*

Not so my Father, this the eldest is :

O be the choysest of thy blessings his !

Then to remove his resolute hand, he tryes,

But the attempt is vaine. Iacob denies :

*(His mother could not cozen him, nor get
The blessing, with another counterfeit,) .*

I know it well my Sonne, he also shall

A people be, said he, and great withall;

Yet shall his yonger brother him exceed

In greatnessse; many nations from his seed

Shall be deriv'd: so blest be them that day,

And said, in thee shall Israell blesse, and say

In a Proverbiall wish; all good o'retake him,

God like to Ephraim and Manasses, make him

Happy and fruitfull; but in all that passes,

Still Ephraim he prefers before Manasses.

The blessing giv'n; the time which then drew nigh,

He antedating tels them, loe I dye:

Yet feare not, for with you shall God remaine,

And bring you to your Fathers land again.

Yet one thing on thee more I will bestow

Above thy brethren, which with sword and bow

I wan, that I might adde it to thy right,

From the possessions of the Amorite.

The

T H E
P R O P H E T:

O. R,

The twelfth Chapter of Joseph.

G E N. 49.

Jacob foresees, and antedates
His sonnes returne, and following fates.
Then having charg'd them to interre
Him in his Fathers Sepulcher :
Shilo's comming prophecies,
Binds Ioseph with an oath, and dyes.

Now Jacob hastening to his owne, relates,
Calling his children to him, all their fates
Which his prophetique soule had then descryde,
Should unto them in their last dayes betide.

N

Hearken

2 Harken ye Sonnes of Israel, and gather

3 Yourselves (said he) together to your Father.

Ruben, my first borne Sonne unto my sight

4 Reuben. Giveth the beginning of my strength and might.

The pow'r of dignity and excellency,

In him should dwell, but that his foule offence

Deprives him of it, therefore shall not he

Excell, but as th' unconstant wave shall be,

For to his Fathers bed (an act most wilde,)

Did he goe up, and he my Couch defild;

5 Symeon and Levi, brethren in offence,

Symeon and Levi, brethren in offence,

Have in their dwellings, swords of violence.

Let not my soule into their secess see,

Nor let my honour e're unites be

6 To their assemblies, from whose angry breath,

Issues revenge, with ruine arm'd, and death.

7 Fierce was their anger, cruell was their wrath;

Bloudy, revengefull, and accursed both

Therefore in Iacob they divided dwelt,

And I will scatter them in Israell.

Judah. But Iudah thee thy brothren shall commend,

8 Under thy hand, thine enemies necke shall bend;

Thou shalt prevale, and still a victor be,

And all thy Fathers sonnes shall bow to thee.

9 Iudah's a Lyons whelpe, so from the prey,

My Sonne ascends, so downe againe doth lay.

His conquering limbs, so doth th' old Lyon couch him

10 To take his rest, whiles none dares rouse or touch him.

The Scepter shall not, nor the Land goe from

Between his feet, untill that Shiloe come:

To whom a gathering shall of people be,

11 Whose Foale shall to the cluster-bearing tree,

And

And his Asse Colt be bound unto the Vine,
Whose cloashs in blond of grapes are washt, in wine
His garments steep't, thence shall his inflam'd sight
Take tincture, and his teeth with milke grow white.

12

But Zebulun at the Sea heaven shall rest,
To him the Pilot fleyes, with stormes distrest,
And findes a haven his shipp may safely ride on,
For loe his border shall be unto Zidon.

Zebulun
13

Like a strong Asse is Issachar, between
Two burdens couching downe, who having seen
That rest was pleasant, and the land was faire,
His tributary shoulders bow'd to bear.

Issachar.

14

Dan midst his people, he a Judge shall dwell,
And as one o'th Tribes of holy Israell.
Dan shall be like a Serpent in the way,
And like an Adder in the path shall lay
Wayte to doe mischiefe; slyly, as they sting
The horses heeles, till they their riders fling.

Dan.

16

But I O Lord have ever waited on
The happy meanes of thy salvation.

17

Gad by a troop shall be o'recome, but he
Shall over them at last a victor be.

Gad.

19

Ashur his bread shall be o'th fat o'th field,
And Ashurs cup shall royll dainties yeeld,
Like to an Hinde let loose is Nepthali,
He also shall a goodly speeker be.

Ashur.

20

Neptha-
li.

21

Joseph's a fruitfull bough, whose branches grow
By a Well side, topping the walles: 'twas so
That David did the blessed man compare
To trees that by the waters planted are.
So envy shoots at vertue, some did hate him;
The Archers sorely grieu'd him, and shot at him.

Joseph.

22

Psal. 1.

3.

23

- 24 But still his bow abode in strength, the armes,
Of his hands were made strong, against all harmes,
By Iacobs mighty God; all power is his,
From thence shepheardes stone of Israell is
- 25 E vn by thy Fathers God, whose help's on thee,
And by th' Almighies blessing, which shall be
Still on thy head, blessings from heavn on high,
And blessings from the depps which lower lyce.
On thee shall blessings from all places come,
The blessings of the brest and of the wombe,
The blessings of the Father hath prewaile.
- 26 'Bove those of my progenitors, and avail'd,
More than their blessings, to the utmost bound
O'the everlasting hils, they shall abound
On Iosephs head, and on his crowne, that hated
Of's brethren was, and from them separated.
- Benja-
min.
- 27 Like to a ravening Wolfe, shall Benjamin
I'th morning to devoure the prey, begin;
- 28 And when at night he ceaseth from his toyle,
He shall take time then to divide the spoyle.
- 29 All these are Israels tribes, whom thus he blest,
According to their blessings, from the least
Unto the greatest: then he charg'd them all
To give him with his Fathers bariall
- 30 When I shall gathered to my people be,
In Ephrons field the Hittites bury me,
I'th Cave that is at Macpelah, that lyes
Against Mamre, i'ath by Abram with a price,
- 31 With Ephrons field the Hittites purchas'd bin,
As a possession for to bury in.
His sacred bones, with Sarahs were laid there,
There Isack and Rebeckah buried were.

There

There I my Leah laid, and there would I
In the same cave with those lov'd ones lie.
That as one flesh and bloud we living were,
In like alliance in the Se pulcher
We might consume united thus in death
The field and caye was bought p'th sonnes of Heth.
This having said, thus ending his commands
Unto his sonnes, then he withdrew his hands
And feet, yeilding his ghost up into bed,
And was unto his Fathers gathered.

32

... a modis ad hanc dignitatem.

Thermonectus *lecontei* *Le Conte*

and right and left hand sides and right

No. 2. *Opuntia acanthocarpa* Schlecht.

~~1-2~~ ~~1-3~~ ~~1-4~~ ~~1-5~~ ~~1-6~~ ~~1-7~~ ~~1-8~~ ~~1-9~~ ~~1-10~~

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10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by each employee.

THE DOWNGEAD GROUP

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Journal of Health Politics, Policy and Law, Vol. 31, No. 1, January 2006
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The

THE
F V N E R A L L :
OR,
The thirteenth Chapter of Joseph.

G N. 50.

Joseph and his brethren all,
Attend their Fathers funerall.
They humble supplicants shew their fears,
To him who comforts them and chears
Their heavy spirits : all their rage,
Forgot, in peace, and full of age,
In Egypt he lamented dies
And there embalm'd and coffind lies.

Iacob, his Fathers imitates in death
And in a blessing spent his latest breath ;
Sure good cōmission for 't from God was given,
For he no sooner ended but to Heaven
His soule was carried; as if that the last
Were of his businesse here on earth, which past

He

He leaves it : having then no more to do,
And on his journey forwards sets, when lo
As the *Ephesians* loath to part with *Paul*,
To the ship sides with grief they brought him all ; Acts 20.
28.
So *Jacob's* sonnes their spirits overcome,
With sorrow; left a while their earthly home
And as men struck with the same fate; they lay
As dead as he; they were brought on his way
Their fathers soul towards heav'n, for long twas ere
Ioseph recovered strength to shed a tear,
Lumpish as lead: i'th' fire which melted powres
And flowes about, he lay, but now he shewes
His dead trance broken, on his Fathers face
A floud of tears, then with a sad embrace
He escaps his grief, such streams of sorrows fall
As if his moysture were dissolved all
Into his eyes : then with a pious kisle
Strives to supply the breathlesse trunk with his
Which he in fighing vents : but seeing his breath
Vain as his wishes to recall from death;
To the Physicians he converts it, whom
(*To fit the body for a forreign tomb*)
He gives command that they embalm it well
So they perform'd their charge, on Israell
Then after forty dayes were fully past,
So long the dayes of men embalmed last.
The lamentation for him sure was sore
Th' Egyptians they bewyle him sevency more.
But when the times of mourning ended were
And Ceremoniall rites, he drawing nere
To Pharohs house, requests if I have found
Grace in your sight's, thus tell him, *Ioseph's* bound,

There

To's father by an oath, he may be laid
 In his sepulcher, he for himself had made
 In Canaan. Let me therefore go I pray
 According to my vow, that I may lay
 My father in his grave: I shall remayn,
 But few dayes absent, e're I come again.
 Pharoh that never any suit deny'de,
 His Favourite Ioseph moved for, thus replyde:
 Go up in peace thou hast free leave, and there
 Bury thy father, as he made thee sware.
 So Ioseph with the servants of the King,
 Went with his fathers coarse; with tears they bring
 Him to his grave, the Elders of the Land,
 And of the Court, his house, his brethren, and
 His fathers house; behind they left alone
 Their sheep, their cattell, and their little ones.

As from some Town, fire, or the hand of fate,
 Hath clean demolish't and made desolate,
 The grieved Citizens march to forsake,
 Her ruin'd walls, such lamentations make
 The sad Egyptians, and their tears let fall
 As had old Jacob father been to all.

Fierce is the battle when the dreadfull sound
 Of groans and shreeks of men departing, drown'd
 The Drum and Trumpet, such the wofull voice
 Of the sad mourners, overcame the noise
 Of all the Chariot wheels, the trampling steeds,
 Though they were many, such sound procceds,
 From their high spoke' griefs, men scarce could hear,
 Tears fild their eyes, their cryes fild ev'ry ear.
 Their cryes were strong and lowd enought t'have gi-

A summons back from any place, but heaven, (ven)

Or

Orthe deep pit of Hell, where shrecks and howles,
Are lowder of the there tormented soules.
In *Goren Arad*, deafnesse strikes their ears.
Wonder their eyes, to see salt showres of tears
Adde streams to *Jordan*, which seven day's o'reflow'd
With *Ioseph*'s mourning, whilst he there aboard.
The *Cananites* and dwellers round about
Take pitious notice of it, such a shout
Of sorrow, nere was heard i'here, therefore they
T'hence nam'd it Abel Misraim, to this day.

So the performance answer'd his command,
His sonnes have carried him into the land
Of Canaan, and there laid him in the Vault
Of Machpelah, which with the field was bought
By Abraham, of the Hittite, Ephron all
Intended for a place of buriall.

And now a new, having hallowed the Cave
Adding the sacred body to the grave,
Of his forefathers, they tow'rds *Egypt* hye,
Ioseph, his brethren, and his company.

One mischief seldome comes alone ; the losse
Of *Jacob* to his sonnes, hath yet a crosse
Adds terour to their grief should *Ioseph* be
Mindfull of their old grudge, and misery
He had sustain'd, and now the mourning days
For their dead Father ended, he might rayse
His spirit to revenge, but that fears done
They find him *Israels* not rough *Esau*'s sonne.
For when they joyntly had advis'd and sent,
To *Ioseph* an attoning complement,
In Jacobs honour'd name, this do we say
By his command'ment now forgive I pray,

The trespass of thy brethren, and their sinne
 Wherby thou hast so ill rewarded bin.
 The servants of thy Fathers God we are
 Forgive our trespass then we pray thee, spare
 Further entreaties answ'rd he, in tears
 Seeking to drown or wash away their fears.
 When altogether they thus speaking kneel'd
 We are thy servants, use us thou wilt,
 To whom I us Ioseph, fear not (makes reply)
 Not so, w' are all Gods servants, am not I
 Under him too, and when yee sought my blood
 Did not he then convert it all to good?
 That he as 'tis this day might it contrive,
 And I much people might preserv alive,
 Fear nothing then, these words his tears assures
 I will a comfort be to you, and yours,

And so prevail'd these speech's that they gate
 His love now firmer then their former hate,
 How blest a sight when brethren thus agree?
 A happy change ends Iosephs Comedy.
 This makes a peacefull exit, true content
 Crowns their remayning days, in Egypt spent.
 No more tormented now with griefs or fears,
 Till Ioseph having liv'd an hundred years
 And ten, perceiving that the time drew nigh,
 Calling his brethren, told them he must die,
 His sonnes were present, Ephraims seed he sees
 Unto the third descent, and on the knees
 Manasse's grandchild holds, a joy to blesse
 A Patriarch party to Gods promises.
 He kept Gods secrets living, now he dyes
 Which leave make some knowne the prophecies.

God

*God will his breshren visit, and recall
Them from this place, to that land wherewithall,
To Abraham and to Ifack heretofore,
And Jacob he to blesse their of-spring swore.*

*This said, he ministred his Fathers oath
Unto his children, and gave charge to both,
He might be buried by his Fathers side,
An hundred then and ten yeers old he dy'de.*

So much bewail'd, that my unskilfull pen,
Might by their griefes inspir'd, force tears from men
Of this last age, whose flinty hearts deny,
Should all the world, themselves excepted dye,
To weep: unlesse for want of company. (spent,
Should they but witnesse here, what shoures were
Rivers of melted sorrowes to lament (raine,
This Hearse; as when black cloudes threat drops of
Strong sympathy from stony wals doth draigne
Distilling moysture, all those weeping eyes
Weuld force from their hard hearts like pitty rise,
Should they but heare their waylings as they went
To Canaan with his bones; but what was meant
Here for a Comicke story, lest that I
By this relation, make a tragedy.
*Embalm'd in Egypt, I shall let him rest,
Fitted with costly odour, for his Chest.*

O 2

F I N I S.